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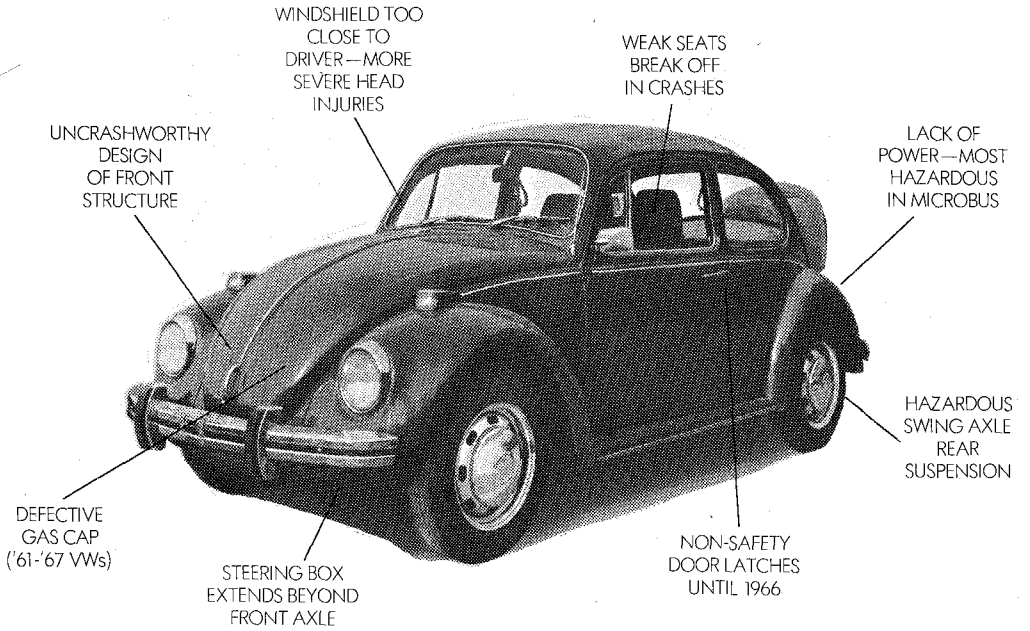
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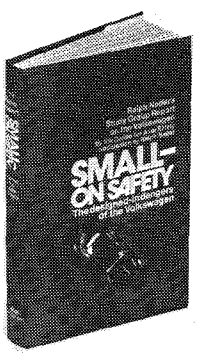

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TRB

from Washington
March 31, 1973

The Nixon Court

Let's turn the impoundment issue over to the Court, says Mr. Nixon. Why yes, the Court. We had almost forgotten it.

Mr. Nixon has brought the Supreme Court into politics more than any other President in modern times. He attacked the Warren Court before he got elected. He made law and order the issue in 1968 and 1970. He bought prime time on election eve, 1970, to promise to "give the peace forces new muscle to deal with the criminal forces." He carried his desire for a conservative Southern appointee to such lengths that Dean Pollack of Yale declared Judge Carswell "presents more slender credentials than any nominee for the Supreme Court put forth in this century."

Mr. Nixon told the nation that he was nominating men who "share my conservative philosophy." He has kept up a running commentary on the court that irks the *Journal* of the American Bar Association. And he has all but done what he set out to do, win the historic battle to gain control of the court after Earl Warren retired.

Mr. Nixon has named four members and stands within one beat of a mechanical heart-timer implanted in Justice William O. Douglas (74) to name a full majority.

"President Nixon's place in history is secure," says Pulitzer prize winner Louis M. Kohlmeier, Jr. of *The Wall Street Journal*, in a superb new book, *God Save This Honorable Court* (Scribners). "Nixon politicized the Supreme Court more dramatically than any President in history."

The public wants a Supreme Court of which it can be proud. Including Rehnquist, the latest appointment, exactly 100 men have sat on the great tribunal. Some have been great, others less so. Two years ago a group of scholars and historians appraised the justices up to Mr. Nixon's appointees. It found: 12 "great," 15 "near-great," 55 "average" and eight "failures." The great were Marshall, Story, Taney, the first Harlan, Holmes, Brandeis, Stone, Cardozo, Hugo Black, Frankfurter and Earl Warren. The near-great included two sitting judges, Douglas and William J. Brennan. The failures included three of the "Nine Old Men" confronting FDR when he took office—VanDevanter, McReynolds and Butler.

What makes success on the Court? The overwhelming answer is that what is not wanted is narrowness of vision. Previous judicial experience means little; it is a "zero" factor, Frankfurter once said. The Court is not just a court. It is the instrument that reconciles the constitutional verities to the times we live in. It links past experience with future hopes. It demands men steeped in diverse fields; philosophers with vision.

How do the Nixon appointees and near-appointees stack up? The Senate rejected Haynsworth and Carswell. The President named Burger and Blackmun. Then came the Black vacancy and he hit on Representative Poff (R) of Virginia, signer of the Southern Manifesto of 1956 (a pledge to reverse the school desegregation decision) and against every major civil rights bill since. While a dubious ABA committee examined Poff's qualifications the latter suddenly withdrew, to avoid a confirmation fight.

Then the President considered Democratic Senator Byrd of West Virginia. Byrd had voted against confirmation of Thurgood Marshall and for Haynsworth and Carswell, and he once suggested that Douglas be impeached. However the ABA committee implied that Byrd would not get its highest rating. By now there were two vacancies since Harlan had died. There followed a ludicrous episode: Mr. Nixon submitted six names confidentially to the ABA committee, including a woman, Judge Mildred Lillie of the Los Angeles District Court of Appeals. In no time at all the names were all in print across the nation, and the embarrassed ABA committee found little in their favor. Judge Lillie's decisions, it appeared, had not done too well in the state supreme court.

Messrs. Nixon and Mitchell hastily substituted two other appointees—conservative Lewis Powell of Virginia, former past president of the ABA, and William Rehnquist, top assistant to Attorney General Mitchell and Goldwater man from Arizona, who had resisted local and state desegregation measures. Mr. Nixon proudly introduced them to a TV audience as "judicial conservatives" who shared his desire to defend "the peace forces."

The Nixon Four tend to vote alike. Last June all of them dissented when the majority, 5 to 4, ruled out capital punishment and spared the lives of 600 persons on death row in the country's prisons. Now Mr. Nixon wants Congress to reimpose the death penalty.

The Nixon Four agreed that a private club can discriminate against blacks and not lose a state liquor license, that a big shopping center built on formerly public streets can prohibit orderly distribution of antiwar leaflets, that nonunanimous state jury verdicts are permissible, and that the right to counsel at lineups can be curtailed. It is also nibbling away at the one man-one vote decision and it also refused to help the poor in a 5 to 4 decision to get fair distribution of property tax money for public schools. One should not be hasty. The four Nixon appointees do not always vote alike, and may diverge more in time. Yet when Mr. Nixon suggests sending impoundment to the Court he must feel that it is not a totally alien body. And in four more years he may well restructure it further.

Mr. Nixon publicly suggested that it would be constitutionally improper for the Senate to refuse to confirm Carswell. After it refused, he angrily declared that as then composed it would not confirm any strict constructionist from the South. He declared at one point, "I am persuaded that Congress has the constitutional power" to amend the Constitution by legislation.

"Skillfully, purposefully, and politically," Kohlmeier writes, "Nixon converted the school bus from a symbol of equality into a symbol of racism." The ABA in its official *Journal* criticized the President's narrow approach to court nominations—his talk of "peace forces" and the like. It said his running commentary on the Court "places an unfair burden on the President's nominees."

Always in modern days the Supreme Court has been the moral symbol of hope for the poor, the oppressed and the undefended. There can be no turning back; not without some fear of violence, that is.

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Budgetary Shell Game

The President has called the Congress irresponsible for voting funds for social projects without any consideration of the totality of the appropriation. This year he has impounded monies voted last year for pollution control, health care, education and poverty and threatened to veto or, if necessary, impound similar appropriations if the present Congress exceeds his proposed outlay ceiling of $269 billion in the budget for fiscal year 1974. At the recent governor's conference in Washington, Linwood Holton of Virginia, after a careful White House briefing, confronted Senator Muskie and demanded that Congress drop its spendthrift habits.

Now let's look at what the President asked for and what Congress appropriated. A report of the US General Accounting Office of February 7, 1973 tells us that in 1972, the executive branch sought a total of $185 billion; the Congress appropriated $179 billion, a net cut of more than $6 billion. The same report shows similar cutbacks in each of the past four years: in sum Congress appropriated nearly $21 billion less than the Nixon administration requested. No doubt the Congress has overspent on some pet and perhaps unnecessary projects, but it was Congress that resisted White House pressure to spend a billion dollars on the supersonic transport (SST), whose only benefit would have been to allow a few rich people to fly the Atlantic in three instead of six hours.

Each of the President's last three budgets has called for deficits greater than $10 billion. In 1973 the proposed deficit was $25 billion; for 1974, $12.7 billion. He has tried to camouflage these deficits by reference to a so-called "full employment" budget; one, that is, which assumes that the tax receipts *would* be those generated if the economy were continually operating at full employment (defined as unemployment equal to four percent of the civilian labor force). But during the past three years unemployment rates have hovered around five to six percent, more than 50 percent above the 1969 rate. The plain fact of the matter is that the executive branch has continuously sought to spend far more than the government was taking in, and to add to its culpability, the President insists there be no new taxes. Congress in its appropriations has gone along with this deficit spending, but at least it has had some restraining influence.

Where have all these dollars been going? Certainly not for day care centers or national health insurance. In his FY'74 budget Mr. Nixon

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has a table eight pages long of savings from program reductions and terminations from 1973 to 1975. In the current fiscal year they amount to $6.5 billion, and a saving of nearly $17 billion is projected for 1974. There is hardly a department or agency in the civil sector that escapes the scalpel or the ax.

But as Walter Pincus has noted in his itemized account of military spending for FY'74 ("What's Up?" *The New Republic*, March 24, 1973) not a single penny of these savings in the current year comes from the Department of Defense, which is given twice the money of any other department. The descriptions of proposed future military cuts, relatively small by comparison to cuts in the civilian sector, have a tinny ring. For example the reduced procurement of the Safeguard ABM is listed as a saving. But the ABM treaty signed in Moscow last June limited the Safeguard ABM to a single site, now nearly completed in North Dakota, and a Washington, DC ABM, for which Congress has refused funds. Further deployment of Safeguard would have been illegal. A saving of $200 million is also projected "to limit growth in research, development, testing and evaluation programs" of the Defense Department, though a $500 million increase is requested! This is like a glutton boasting that he eats only five extra helpings instead of seven.

The outlays for national defense, up $4.7 billion in the coming year, are scheduled to rise on into 1975. Requests for budget authority (which permits spending beyond the current fiscal year) are even higher, $5.6 billion more in 1974 than in 1973.

Large defense budgets could perhaps have been justified when we were at the height of the Vietnam war, with its incremental cost of $21.5 billion a year. But why should expenditures continue to escalate more than two years after we pledged to militarily withdraw from Southeast Asia? The administration glosses over this conundrum by comparing the relative rise in national defense expenditures to expenditures for "human resources" within an expanding total national budget. The comparisons are misleading for within these totals are lumped what economists call "transfer payments," mainly social security. So although the national defense outlays *have* dropped from 42 percent of the total budget in 1970 to 30 percent in 1974, they will still comprise 41 percent of the total outlay of "federal" (government-owned) funds. You don't need a Harvard degree to see that a defense expenditure of $81 billion for 1974 is a large bite out of the $110 billion expected to be collected from all federal income taxes that year.

The appalling fact is that only $75 billion of the total $269 billion in expenditures in 1974 will be "relatively controllable"; that is, not preallocated for social security, trust funds, interest on the public debt and so forth. And out of this "controllable" fraction, $52.3 billion or 70 percent goes to national defense. In 1970 the figure was 72 percent. Furthermore if one excludes from the "human resources" programs income security that is financed through the social security mechanism, and veterans benefits which are really another form of military cost, the "human" expenditures drop from $125 billion to only $32 billion in 1974—slightly more than one-third that for national defense and 12 percent of the total budget.

The appetite of the military feeds on eating. What danger, for example, justifies increased funds for a variety of new strategic weapons in the immediate aftermath of the Moscow SALT agreements that do not allow the Soviets to build territorial ballistic missile defenses and that gives all our ballistic missile warheads a free ride to targets in the Soviet Union? On January 11, 1973 Mr. Nixon said in a letter to Ambassador Gerard Smith, retiring SALT negotiator, that these agreements "represent an unprecedented step toward bringing the strategic arms competition under control." Why isn't this reflected in our 1974 weapons programs?

Why should we be spending nearly $2 billion more next year to build a Trident submarine, when we will shortly have more than 5000 warheads in the invulnerable Polaris-Poseidon fleet? The oldest Polaris submarines have been operational less than 13 years, the newest six. And they will not wear out for years to come. No one has been able even to describe the nature of an anti-submarine threat to our Polaris submarine force.

Why, out of a force of 2.3 million men, are we only reducing our military manpower in 1973 and 1974 by 95,000 (31,000 of these being replaced by civilians), when we are no longer fighting in Southeast Asia and when we have converted to the purportedly more efficient though much more costly all-volunteer force? Maintaining armed forces of more than two million men on a volunteer basis becomes astronomically expensive and is of questionable justification in peacetime. There may never be a more opportune time to cut down the intolerably high ratios of support to combat troops and of officers to enlisted men.

Why are we proposing next year to spend $667 million on still another new nuclear aircraft carrier (CVN-70) when Navy Captain J. D. Ward, commander of the aircraft carrier USS Constellation, admitted in a recent NBC-TV White Paper that if a carrier were hit by a conventional bomb when the deck was loaded with fueled and armed planes, it would be disastrous in terms of equipment, personnel and time needed to repair the vessel?

The President says that "the 1974 budget incorporates the results of an intensive effort to identify programs that could be reduced, terminated or reformed." The results are undetectable in our military programs. Until we have greater management responsibility in the national security sector, we will not have overall fiscal responsibility, nor the resources needed to "promote the general welfare."

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Arming Pakistan

Senator Frank Church likens the US arms policy in South Asia to the habits of an alcoholic: you swear off because you know it's not good for you; but then you find you have to have just one more little nip. Understandably President Nixon must have found the current situation in South Asia unnerving. The war between India and Pakistan has been over for 15 months. Prime Minister Gandhi and President Bhutto managed to reach a detente at Simla last July and, while much is left to do, at least both sides succeeded in evacuating each other's territory in the Punjab, Kashmir and Rajasthan and in withdrawing troops from the temptation of direct confrontation. Bangladesh now is an independent nation and earlier this month its president, Sheikh Mujibur Rahman, came through the elections with an overwhelming majority and a far freer hand to govern and make concessions in negotiating with Pakistan. On the outside both the Soviet and Chinese participation in events in South Asia seems to have lessened, so much so on the Soviet part that Assistant Secretary of State Joseph Sisco told a House foreign affairs subcommittee a few days ago that the 1971 Indo-Soviet friendship pact apparently had not resulted in any noticeable increase in Soviet military influence in India.

There are indeed unsettled problems aplenty—the unrepatriated Pakistani military prisoners of war still held in India from the Bangladesh conflict; the unrepatriated Bangladesh Bengali civilians stranded and still held in Pakistan; and the "Biharis," the non-Bengali civilians unwanted by either Pakistan, India or Bangladesh yet still pushed and threatened in a corner of Bangladesh. All this has resulted in a deadlock in getting Pakistan's President Bhutto formally to recognize that his old East Pakistan now was Sheikh Mujib's Bangladesh. But at least people were speaking to each other, the problems were identified and active fighting was over.

So what did President Nixon do on behalf of US self-interest? He lifted the six-year embargo on US arms shipments to Pakistan. Of course it was made to appear more equitable than that. The State Department announced that hereafter both India and Pakistan could buy nonlethal arms from the United States. And, to make it even more even-handed, the Nixon administration said it would "clean the slate" of past "commitments" by letting one party, Pakistan, buy 300 armored personnel carriers which Pakistan contracted for in 1970 and made a down payment on, and also take delivery on some $1.1 million in military surplus, parachutes and reconditioned aircraft engines. India now would have the go-ahead on the $87.6 million in US economic aid which had been contracted for but suspended with the outbreak of the 1971 Indo-Pakistani war over Bangladesh. India also now could place orders for the communication computers to expand the radar network along its northeast border which the United States and India jointly began in mutual China-watching self-interest after China's 1962 invasion of India.

"All we are trying to do is to seek good relations with both, and we trust in the future that our aid to both can be such as to turn them towards peace rather than war," President Nixon explained to his press conference on the Ides of March.

Military sources tell us armored personnel carriers, thin-skinned tanks with protective cannon used to hurry soldiers into action, are offensive not defensive weapons. Mr. Nixon's administration does not deny they are "lethal," but contends their commitment is the one exception to the ban on lethal weapons shipments. President Nixon originally made this exception on Pakistan's behalf in 1970. This was just after Pakistan's then president, General Yahya Khan, had visited Washington and then went on to Peking with word that Mr. Nixon was interested in a Sino-American detente. Also at that time the President personally made some other exceptions: F-104 jet fighter planes and B-57 bombers that Pakistan hadn't asked for but that the President thought might be useful in filling out the Pakistan squadrons decimated in her 1965 war with India. In the latest State Department announcement it was explained that the applications for the plane licenses now had "lapsed." But State's spokesman Charles W. Bray III did not absolutely foreclose reapplications.

So at the moment the only "lethal" weapons to be sold to Pakistan are the 300 armored personnel carriers. The cost is estimated at $13 million. But that estimate may not be too meaningful because of the Pentagon's habit of declaring equipment "surplus" in order to provide favored clients with discount prices. Yet even that $13 million might be hard to collect, considering the $3.5 billion debt that Pakistan now is asking its World Bank consortium creditors to reschedule.

In 1971, when "slippages" enabled Pakistan to acquire US arms despite the supposed embargo, it was explained that the ammunition included in those shipments actually was not a lethal end item and therefore it was presumed "nonlethal." That definition still holds. Similarly spare parts for lethal weapons can go forth because they are not lethal in themselves. Also while it used to be true that India obtained most of her arms from the Soviet Union, causing the United States to feel obliged to provide balance by arming Pakistan, things have changed. India has become more and more self-sufficient through its own munitions industry. Pakistan now looks to China as its arsenal.

How does President Nixon explain all this? First he told his press conference that the arms to Pakistan he now has released "involve commitments that were made before we got here. Those commitments were

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made during the Johnson administration. I do not criticize the fact that they were made, but they were made." Then he started to say that, with the outbreak of the Indo-Pakistan war over Bangladesh in 1971, the United States equitably stopped all economic assistance to both nations. But Mr. Nixon caught himself: "Not all, but some economic assistance to India, and we stopped all military assistance to Pakistan." What he did was permit economic assistance to continue to Pakistan, but not to India. The administration at the time argued that India obviously would have diverted its economic assistance for military use against Pakistan.

Why should President Nixon decide on a policy change at this time? There is his "time to clean the slate" argument over US past "commitments." There is the official State Department explanation that the United States has an obligation to furnish spares to keep operable equipment it has provided in the past. There is the notable coincidence of President Nixon's decision coming within days of his receiving President Bhutto's two special emissaries at the White House, Governor Ghulem Mustafa Khar of Pakistan's Punjab and Aziz Ahmed, one-time Pakistan ambassador to the United States and now minister of state for foreign and defense affairs. But there would appear to be something far more premeditated in this, something of a continuance of Mr. Nixon's "tilt-in-favor-of Pakistan" that Henry Kissinger ordered administration officials to observe during the 1971 Bangladesh crisis.

Mr. Nixon's motives may in part be emotional. In the '50s when Mr. Nixon was Vice President and John Foster Dulles was secretary of State, Nehru's India represented preaching, hypocritical, "immoral" neutralism. It was contrasted with Ayub Khan's Pakistan ("your last friend in Asia," Ayub told Congress) and Pakistan's membership in the anti-Communist alliances called CENTO and SEATO. India connoted "those mushy, moralizing Krishna Menons." And that estimate lingers today with many Americans, not just with Mr. Nixon, Secretary Rogers and Henry Kissinger. By contrast there are residual assumptions about Pakistan, what might be characterized as "the Sandhurst Swagger-Stick Syndrome." Never mind that Bhutto's Pakistan now represents civilian rule. Never mind that neither Field Marshal Ayub's Pakistan nor General Yahya's Pakistan ever thought more of the anti-Communist alliance objectives of CENTO and SEATO than as a convenient cover for Pakistan to obtain US arms against India. The image of Sandhurst-trained, snappy, quick-stepping, "Westernized" Pakistanis persists when, as always, they are in lockstep with the Indians.

Furthermore there is President Nixon's China policy. Of all the third-party probes to Peking sought through various nations, Pakistan's, under President Yahya Khan, apparently proved to be the most persevering and the most productive. When Henry Kissinger finally made that first flight to talk with Chou En-lai in 1970, he made it from Pakistan, with a Pakistani plane and crew and under the protective cover of secrecy provided by Yahya. When the Bangladesh crisis erupted the next year, President Nixon, eager to make his trip to Peking, was aware that Pakistan was useful to China in antagonizing India. Whether Mr. Nixon believed it or not, he put out word that India's motive in backing the Bangladesh independence fight was first to dismember Pakistan, and then to reabsorb at least her western half, reunite the old Punjab and claim itself the rightful heir of the old British Indian subcontinent.

But despite President Nixon's "tilt," events took another course. The Bengalis in East Pakistan broke loose from their stepchild status and formed their own nation of Bangladesh. India, with enough problems handling her more than half billion people, did not see fit to take on the additional headache of Pakistan. And Pakistan, for the first time since its independence from the British in 1947, was reduced to facing reality. It lost its East Bengal province, which it had always exploited as a colony. And it lost its war with India, despite the stockpile of US arms that always had given Pakistan the illusion of feeling co-equal to an India with three times its territory and four times its population.

Mr. Nixon was correct when he told his press conference this month: "After the war that broke Pakistan in half, India's superiority is so enormous that the possibility of Pakistan being a threat to India is absurd." He is correct in implying that whatever the United States does in the way of new arms shipments to Pakistan that situation won't change. He even would be correct should he disdain the "grave concern" which India's Minister of External Affairs Swaran Singh told Parliament India now took of the matter.

President Nixon's change in US policy seems pointless. He could have stuck indefinitely to his policy of declaring the lifting of the US arms embargo "under review." West Pakistan is under no threat externally that requires sophisticated US weapons, lethal or nonlethal. President Bhutto indeed should have concern over keeping his country together internally. But for that he has his assured arms supply from China. The United States, on the other hand, has at stake a very heavy investment in India. India is that sort of democracy successive US administrations have been urging all developing nations to become. And India is the largest of them all. India now feels far more militarily secure because the emergence of Bangladesh removed a hostile border. Her dependence on the enormous US economic aid of the past has diminished. But it promises to be a healthier relationship for both India and the United States with India

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forced to fend more for herself.

Giving Mr. Nixon the benefit of doubt he may have a two-fold policy: to provide Pakistan with minimal assistance while building up a more mature relationship with India based on open recognition that India is the dominant power of South Asia and no challenge is conceivable. However we must remember that it was the original decision to furnish Pakistan with US arms in 1954 that poisoned Indo-American relations in the first place, and forced India to arm and seek Russian weapons to match the ones the US provided Pakistan. The arms have consistently been the most contentious problem between India and the United States ever since. With Pakistan's defeat in 1971 Indo-American relations were just beginning to recover. Indo-Pakistan-Bangladesh relations were just beginning to recover. But the reintroduction of US arms—no matter how limited, no matter how "nonlethal," touches raw nerves, rekindles persistent suspicions. The arms probably are a disservice even to the old client Pakistan as they divert that humbled country's limited resources from pressing economic needs to fantasies surrounding that old Sandhurst Swagger-Stick Syndrome.

Phony Money

One of the dirty tricks in the Vietnam war has been slow coming to light—the counterfeiting of North Vietnamese currency by the United States government. An odd result of the disclosure has been that Secret Service agents confiscated several of the bogus bank notes from the United States Information Agency, which manufactured them under contract for a unit of the Defense Department.

An anonymous informant in the Philippines mailed some of the phony bills to various newspapermen in the United States, apparently using a mailing list published recently in *Ramparts* magazine of persons to whom information could be leaked effectively. An accompanying leaflet said the fake bills had been printed by the USIA in its printing plant in the Philippines and dropped by the millions over North Vietnam in an effort to disrupt the North Vietnamese economy.

USIA officials readily acknowledged that the bills had been printed in the agency's plant. They said they had been printed for the Defense Department's psychological warfare command in Okinawa—60,000,000 of them from 1965 through October 1972—and dropped over North Vietnam by US military planes. But the officials denied any intent at deception. They said the phony bills were never expected to be passed as currency but were merely intended to attract attention to a propaganda message attached to an extension of the bank note paper.

Roy W. Johnson, USIA's acting assistant director for public information, examined two of the bogus one-dong bills, comparing them with a genuine bill obtained at the central bank of Hanoi, and conceded that the resemblance was rather close. He said, "They are certainly close enough to make a person pick them up, and maybe close enough so that he would try to spend them, if he wanted to cheat."

Kent B. Crane, assistant director of USIA for East Asia and the Pacific, displayed several samples of phony one-dong and five-dong bills from agency files. Each had a three-inch extension bearing a printed message in Vietnamese that was translated by an agency official: "Here is a resemblance of your money. Everyone knows it is losing purchasing power. This inflation is put on the people because of the war policy of your government. If the war goes on, your money will purchase less and less."

Crane emphasized differences he said he saw between the counterfeit money and the genuine bill. He described the ink color as substantially lighter; the paper noticeably thinner; and the counterfeit bills as substantially smaller, although measurement showed them to be exactly the same width and 3/32 of an inch shorter than the genuine bill. "The purpose was not economic warfare," he said. "The purpose was to bring home in a stark way the message."

A Secret Service agent, asked later to examine two of the bills sent from the Philippines, looked at them through a pocket magnifying glass, pronounced them counterfeit and said he was required by law to confiscate them. In return he gave printed "receipt for contraband." Asked whether the resemblance was good enough so that the bogus bills would have been accepted as currency in North Vietnam, the agent replied, "Sure. Sure they would."

After a more thorough examination and after checking with the USIA and looking at some of their samples, a spokesman for the Secret Service termed the bills "flash notes"—representations of real money intended to look like the real thing when "flashed" in a promotional campaign. But he based this conclusion on the attached propaganda message, saying that the counterfeit was good enough to constitute a violation of the law if it had been manufactured in the United States. It was good enough also that agents felt required to pick up the fake bills shown them by the USIA, he said.

The USIA officials made a further check and said that their agency had begun manufacturing the bills only last year; before that they had been printed by a Japanese plant in Tokyo. They said that officials of the USIA plant in the Philippines at first questioned the propriety of printing the bogus currency but were assured that the Defense Department had no intention of trying to have them passed as real money.

All concerned made it clear that the Secret Service

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had no plans to prosecute the USIA under the counterfeiting laws, although the Secret Service spokesman stated this in rather formal bureaucratic terms. He said the Secret Service had "no investigative interest" in the fake bills since they were manufactured outside the United States, or in whether the true intention in dropping them was to attract attention or ruin the North Vietnamese economy.

The Dollar Afloat

This will undoubtedly seem to most Americans like raising a toast to dope pushers or rapists, but here goes: three cheers for the international money speculators!

By acting entirely rationally and in the interest of profit, they—including the American individuals and companies among them—have finally brought down an increasingly irrational world monetary system. And in the course of their work they have helped force the international value of the dollar, long priced far too high, down to a level consistent with the preservation of American jobs.

Without the massive flows of speculative and "hedging" funds, governments would have been able to cling to the old system of fixed currency exchange rates that increasingly gave export-import advantage to some countries and disadvantage to others—with the United States emphatically in the latter category. The old system worked very well for a long time, and its death came in convulsions. But death had to happen. The speculators delivered the coup de grace.

Now that currency exchange rates are mainly floating with daily supply and demand, the old distortions should largely disappear, and with them the monetary "crises" that have mystified and troubled the populace periodically since Britain devalued the pound in late 1967.

It is, one must grant, hard to love speculators. President Nixon almost spat out the word at his early-March press conference as a renewed selling wave of dollars was under way following the devaluation of February 12. The AFL-CIO has demanded a congressional investigation aimed at "public identification of the culprits" responsible for the "unsavory situation."

Yet it was the unidentified individuals, companies, Arab sheiks and small-country central banks that managed to demand $2.65 billion of German marks for dollars on a single day, Thursday, March 1, and who finally persuaded the leading governments that a system of fixed exchange rates in the modern world will not work. Nothing else could have done so, including theoretical arguments by Milton Friedman, Paul Samuelson, Fritz Machlup or anyone else.

No man can say that a world of "managed" floating of exchange rates, as agreed in the 14-nation meeting in Paris March 16, will be a perfect world. There are many intelligent Americans who are worried about the consequences of "uncertainty" over exchange rates for world trade. But the old system, with supposedly fixed and known exchange rates, turned out in the last few years to be one of total uncertainty, not to mention crisis.

Now, at least, there is more recognition than there has been for a quarter-century that governments are not likely to succeed in setting currency exchange rates and that the swings of the market are likely to produce better results. One pleasant outcome is that Volkswagens, Sonys and the like will be more realistically priced here and that American workers will not be unknowing and innocent victims of a wrong system of world exchange rates with an overpriced dollar.

All in the Family

The Justice Department now has in its vaults 34 boxes of memorandums that once belonged to the International Telephone and Telegraph corporation, memorandums that relate to ITT's successful campaign to lobby to death an antitrust suit brought against it in 1969. The department claims to need the boxes of paper for an investigation of an obstruction of justice charge. As followers of the ITT scandal know, the charge, if it is ever made, would presumably be leveled against ITT or someone in the government—that is in the White House or the Justice Department. It's a very close operation, all in the family. Those on the outside won't have an opportunity to read the ITT documents until after the Justice Department decides whether or not it has a case.

Last week, however, the chairman of the House commerce investigations subcommittee, Rep. Harley Staggers (D, W.Va.), decided to give the public a glimpse of what is to be found in those boxes. Against the protests of the Securities and Exchange Commission, he released a weighty batch of notes taken by SEC lawyers when they read the ITT memos, before the Justice Department got them. The notes are garbled and misspelled, but three pages among the hundred or so bring back memories of the old Dita Beard memo that launched the scandal a year ago. The names mentioned include most of the important domestic advisers in the White House at the time, not to mention Vice President Spiro Agnew.

To give the flavor, a couple of short memos are reproduced here, dealing with the efforts of ITT men Gerrity, Merriam, Ryan and Geneen to soften up the opposition—led by Justice Department antitrust prosecutor McLaren. They begin, "Letter dated August 7, 1970 . . . to Spiro Agnew from Ned Gerrity. The memo consists of a thank you letter concerning an

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attached memo and a suggestion that Mitchell get the facts relating to ITT's position to MacClaren [*sic*]. . . . It also indicates there was a friendly session between Geneen and Mitchell prior to the meeting with MacClaren (Agnew). It indicates that Mitchell told Geneen that Nixon was not opposed to the merger. He believed that mergers were good. Mitchell apparently said that ITT had not been sued because bigness is bad. . . . It also indicates that Geneen and Merriam met with Colson and Ehrlichman that same day. . . . Memo dated August 24, 1970. Ryan to Merriam, relates to a meeting on August 19, 1970 with Maurice Stans. There is an indication that Kleindienst must 'follow through' and that this 'may be the break' that ITT is looking for. There is a rhetorical [*sic*] question asked, 'how will MacClaren react, or how good a Republican is MacClaren?'" It takes no imagination to see what was going on, at least in ITT's mind.

We can understand why the SEC might feel uncomfortable sitting on memos like these. When Staggers' committee asked to see the documents last fall, the SEC refused to turn them over. In a second letter dated September 27, Staggers insisted on seeing them. Nothing happened. Nine days later he was told the memos had been shipped to the Justice Department (October 6) for use there in an investigation. The SEC is an office of the legislative branch, and must respond to the Congress. The Justice Department, however, is in the executive, and takes orders from the White House.

When asked to explain why he was in a hurry to ship off the ITT files, SEC Chairman William Casey offered several reasons, among which: 1) the Justice Department urgently needed the memos for its investigation, and 2) the Justice Department had issued a directive on September 28 stating that henceforth it would investigate obstruction of justice cases, and all papers relating to such cases should be sent over.

According to testimony by Patrick Gray, that "urgent" Justice investigation into the ITT case didn't reach the level of the FBI until December 5, 1972—two months after the SEC had shipped the papers out. Nor did chairman Casey receive that important memo about obstruction of justice until after he'd sent off the ITT papers. Though it is happy to have them now, the Justice Department never asked for the papers until the SEC volunteered to get rid of them.

Faded Gray

After three weeks of questioning by the Senate Judiciary Committee, L. Patrick Gray III, the President's nominee to head the FBI, said the hearings had taught him never to make public speeches during a national political campaign lest they be interpreted as partisan. He added, with less precision, there were some aspects of the Watergate investigation he would have handled differently, but he would not specify them.

Committee members, on the other hand, have learned more about operations of the FBI than they knew in the days when most of their information came from the fastidiously prepared statements of J. Edgar Hoover and the barrage of publicity Hoover's FBI regularly fed to the public through the media. Gray presented himself and the bureau as all but unquestioning servants of the President, his staff and—to a lesser degree—the attorney general and US attorneys around the country. More than once he described the FBI as "just a bureau within the Executive Branch of government." This was in sharp contrast to the image of virtual autonomy that Hoover cast over the bureau—a status that allowed him to have private meetings with any President when the FBI chief believed it necessary. Gray apparently neither meets with nor telephones the President, though he speaks *of him* with evident awe.

Both the independent Hoover FBI and the subservient Gray FBI pose serious problems that the Judiciary Committee should explore. Individual members have shown during the questioning that they know or understand little about how the bureau operates. They frequently ask about files on members of Congress but to date have shown no concern for the domestic intelligence files maintained on thousands of organizations around the country, most of which have nothing to do with crime or the overthrow of the government. A few senators—Burdick, Tunney, Hart and Mathias—have made brief attempts to explore the new computerized national crime information center and the controversy over circulation of arrest records to non-police contributors of fingerprints to the FBI. Senator Mathias asked questions on the legal authority for domestic surveillance by the bureau, but no one has raised questions about informants and the practice of infiltrating organizations under investigation.

For the most part these are matters that Mr. Gray neither began nor now controls. It could very well be that, because of his extensive traveling during the campaign period last year and his subsequent illness, he himself is not qualified to discuss them. But there is nothing to prevent the committee from calling W. Mark Felt, a long-time Hoover aide and the real operating head of the bureau today, to testify—in closed session if necessary so that serious questions can fully be explored. If the committee is to undertake the congressional oversight function on the bureau that Mr. Gray suggested it do during the first day of his testimony, the way to begin is by sifting out fact from fiction on the FBI's most controversial activities.

Testimony already presented offers some immediate legislative considerations. A specific term for the director should be set—one of 14 years, for example, long enough to assure a nonpartisan appointment, yet shorter than Mr. Hoover's 48-year reign. As in the

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case of the joint chiefs of staff, the FBI director could be legislated direct access to the President, while remaining head of a bureau still administratively within the Department of Justice. There could be some statutory guidelines for acquisition, retention, distribution and destruction of FBI files plus penalties for unauthorized disclosure. Any delay in consideration of Gray's nomination would offer an opportunity for immediate consideration of these matters.

Keeping Track Of the Enemy

Samuel A. Adams, a Central Intelligence Agency analyst, testified during the Ellsberg trial that the military in Vietnam had repeatedly falsified its reports—known as the order of battle—of the enemy's troop strength. The apparent reason for this deception was an effort to make the American army look better.

The disclosure came as a painful reminder of how much the American government, and with it the military, have changed. To the order of battle (O/B) team that operated in London at the level of the British-American Combined Chiefs of Staff during World War II, the idea of falsifying information on enemy forces would have seemed little short of rewriting the Bible.

Order of battle was to us a sacred enterprise, a science flavored with a dash of intuition. We wanted to give our generals more than a laundry list of the enemy's forces; we studied the idiosyncrasies of his men and their commanders. We tried to gauge how differently, say, the Bavarians might act and react from the Prussians. We studied the civilian and military background of the army's leaders.

The idea that anyone, of whatever rank, would want to get us to change the facts of our findings for political reasons would have been considered too ludicrous even to be discussed as a possibility. Order of battle had first call on all available information, whether obtained from top-secret agents or from captured enemy soldiers. Since Military Intelligence Research Section (MIRS), O/B's official cover, also controlled publication and dissemination of O/B information, subsequent tampering with the evidence would have been impossible. The secret "Red Book"—the complete order of battle of the German armies before the Normandy invasion—which we carefully checked and double-checked even in galley proofs simply would not yield to any effort to make the American army look good by making the Germans look worse.

D-Day was the payoff, and the confidence in O/B was vindicated. Such confidence is crucial to all successful military operations. On the eve of the invasion of Sicily, the army captured an enemy document that showed American O/B to be wrong. There was talk of shifting the locale of the invasion, but the responsible O/B specialist—a master sergeant, as I recall it—vouched for the accuracy of his section's estimates of enemy deployment. The invasion went off as planned—without a casualty. The enemy document had been a plant.

These reminiscences are not sparked by nostalgia. Their point is merely to underscore what has happened to honesty in military affairs. The fundamental difference between then and now, one must suppose, is that the World War II order of battle group could not have cared less whether their findings made the army look good or bad. The O/B branch consisted of temporary civilian soldiers. Few of us liked the army, except as a necessary tool to beat the Nazis. Colonel Eric Birley, the British officer in charge, a genius with so singleminded a devotion to the decoding of the enemy line-up that he had to resort to gourmet cooking and needlepoint during off-duty hours in order to remain sane, was an archeologist. Since his specialty had been the order of battle of the old Roman armies, the British, with unassailable logic, thought him ideally qualified to unravel the contemporary order of battle of the Germans. Like the rest of us, Colonel Birley was totally disinterested about the army's image. The overriding goal was to win the war and go home, and any tampering with O/B would have seemed an intolerable interference with those twin goals—victory and demobilization.

There were however some more subtle differences between then and now. We could not imagine that General Eisenhower, General Marshall or of course President Roosevelt would have wanted to know anything but the truth about the enemy, no matter how painful.

There was no jingoism at MIRS. Any suggestion of polishing the military image, let alone making us play at being parade-ground soldiers—Colonel Birley preferred American fatigues to his red General Staff tabs—was bitterly resented and sabotaged. But since the war seemed necessary and therefore honorable, our devotion to O/B was total. To use it for any other purpose than to defeat the enemy and save Allied lives was unthinkable.

It may seem picayune to mourn the corruption of so special a business as the Order of Battle. But when a nation embarks on the kind of self-deception implied by the falsification of intelligence reports about the enemy, there is cause for sadness and even for fear. In World War II it was the *Germans* who falsified their order of battle reports in order to make *their* leaders look good. It worked no better for them than it did for us in Vietnam.

Fred M. Hechinger

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The Nixon Watch

Jerks and Jitters

Three press conferences within six weeks were not unprecedented for Mr. Nixon (he held three between June 22 and July 27 last year). But the frequency was unusual and he seemed to enjoy the evident surprise of reporters when he suddenly turned up at the microphones and before the cameras in the White House press room on March 15. The conveyed impression, however, was that the surprise was the only thing about this third appearance since January 31 that he enjoyed. A look of strain and weariness came through to some of us in the room and, viewers told me later, from the filmed snatches shown on television. The President's voice shook and wavered. When I checked a transcript of the conference against a tape recording, I wrote "tremor" beside ten passages. All of the tremors occurred when the President was dealing with two subjects, the difficulty of making his peace with honor stick in Indochina and his conflict with the Senate over its inquiries into scandals arising from the conduct of his 1972 reelection campaign. His answers and events at the White House during the next few days indicated that he was troubled by other matters, notably the persistent and inflationary rise of food prices. But Vietnam and the scandals seemed to be the problems that bothered the President most and contributed most to the impression that this, for him, was a jerky and jittery time.

The ostensible purpose of the press conference was to announce the President's selection of David K. E. Bruce, aged 75 and a millionaire and one of the country's distinguished diplomats, to head up the US liaison office, actually an embassy but not called that, to be opened on or around May 1 in Peking. Mr. Nixon said he "thought it was very important to appoint a man of great stature to this position," and his announcement constituted an invitation to the Chinese Communists to choose a figure of equal distinction to head their mission in Washington. It was the conclusive signal, if any were needed, that the long US relation with and support of Chiang Kai Shek's Republic of China on Taiwan is a fading factor, not to be allowed to impede accommodation with Communist China.

With that out of the way, the questions soon brought the President to his evident and primary reason for appearing that day. It was to warn the North Vietnamese government that he is prepared to resume and is capable of resuming military action against North Vietnam if Hanoi continues to send war equipment into South Vietnam on a scale that the President believes to be "a violation of the cease-fire . . . and the peace agreement." There was a palpable chill in the press room when, after remarking that the North Vietnamese and "other interested parties" (meaning Moscow and Peking) had been told "of our concern about this infiltration," the President said: ". . . I would only suggest that based on my actions over the past four years, that the North Vietnamese should not lightly disregard such expressions of concern." He was deliberately recalling his invasion of Cambodia, his bombardment and mining of North Vietnam last May, the fierce bombardment in December, all after warnings that he would do whatever he thought necessary to prevent or punish what he considered to be unacceptable North Vietnamese behavior. Did he mean it this time? I think he did, although questions would arise in the next few days about his authority to act on his own, once the withdrawal of American military forces from South Vietnam was completed as agreed on March 28. The last time the President was called upon to justify military action taken upon his sole authority as Commander-in-Chief, he said he had the constitutional power and duty to protect American forces in combat situations. After March 28 there would be none to protect in South Vietnam. But I suspect that Mr. Nixon, despite the furies certain to be aroused in Congress and in the country, would again prove himself capable of taking the kind of retaliatory action he has taken before if he thought it necessary. In such an event, he would be likely to note in his customarily bland and imperious way that he still had air and naval forces to protect in Thailand and off the shores of Indochina. His party's leader in the Senate, Hugh Scott of Pennsylvania, one of many co-sponsors of a resolution that would impose presently nonexistent limits upon the President's power of independent military action, indicated at the White House on March 20 that he, too, thinks Mr. Nixon has the authority and the will to do what he threatened to do on the 15th. Once he had sounded off, the President's spokesmen tried to diminish the heat of his warning. But any conclusion from this that it was all a bluff would be a misreading of Richard Nixon.

The President's responses and nonresponses to questions arising from the campaign scandals and inquiries told more about him as a person, it seemed to me, than anything else I recall his saying in a long while. Consider, for example, the way he dealt with the troubles besetting his nomination of his loyal servant and political supporter, L. Patrick Gray, to be director of the FBI. The gut of it is that Mr. Nixon dumped Pat Gray. The President neglected several opportunities to say that he still supported the nomination as strongly as he had said he did on March 2. He rebuked Gray for offering raw FBI files to any and all members of the Senate Judiciary Committee and, with a minimal pretense of compassion ("I understand why Mr. Gray did, his hearing was involved") said in the coldest possible tone that "the practice of the FBI furnishing 'raw files' to full committees must stop with this particular one." The fact that this and a good deal else in the way of voluntary disclosure stopped forth-

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with became apparent when Gray, at resumed hearings on his nomination, said he had been ordered to refuse further answers to specific questions about the FBI's investigation of the Watergate bugging and the White House staff's oversight of that investigation.

A special committee headed by Senator Sam J. Ervin of North Carolina is preparing to investigate the Watergate and other campaign irregularities and the prospect was very much on the President's mind. Speaking of the Ervin committee, Mr. Nixon said "I do not intend to raise questions about its conduct" and proceeded to raise several questions. His staff counsel and his chief overseer of all the investigations, John Wesley Dean III, would not be allowed to testify in person but he would accept written questions and provide all requested information "provided it is pertinent to the investigation." *If* the investigation proved to be a "bipartisan" look into "both election campaigns," *if* Senator Ervin fulfilled what the President took to be his promises that he "will accept no hearsay; that he will not tolerate any guilt by innuendo; that he will not tolerate any guilt by association"—then, the President indicated, the committee would have all the cooperation and information it wanted from the administration and the White House. Senator Ervin had yet to say, as he did on television the following Sunday, that he'd ask the Senate to send its sergeant-at-arms to arrest Dean or any other White House assistant who refused to testify in person. Mr. Nixon appeared to anticipate such a confrontation when he said he invited a Supreme Court test of the tradition of executive privilege upon which he relied.

One of the tremors in Mr. Nixon's voice came with his reference to "hearsay . . . guilt by innuendo . . . guilt by association." Richard Nixon had indulged freely in those instruments of political combat when he ran for his House and Senate seats and when he was a congressman, senator and Vice President. It may be doubted, however, that recollection of past sins accounted for the show of emotion. A current and more likely reason was that "guilt by innuendo" and "guilt by association" are the only forms of guilt in the unsavory campaign doings of last year that can presently be charged to Mr. Nixon. In this dark light, two of his responses at the March 15 press conference were especially interesting.

When he was asked whether he knew at the time that his former appointments secretary and close assistant, Dwight Chapin, had been involved in a documented arrangement to spy upon and sabotage the 1972 Democratic primary campaigns, the President professed to welcome "an opportunity to . . . answer that question" and then didn't answer it. He launched instead into his dissertation upon the proper conduct of Senator Ervin's investigation. Another question dealt with his Committee for the Reelection of the President and, by implication, with the Watergate and campaign funds scandals that marred its performance. "Where," a reporter asked, "do you feel your responsibility for the Committee to Reelect the President [*sic*] begins and ends?" It was a way of asking whether the President acknowledged any responsibility for the reelection and affiliated finance committees' operations under former Attorney General John Mitchell, former Commerce Secretary Maurice Stans, and the many former White House employees who worked with them during the campaign. Mr. Nixon answered in part: "Well, the responsibility there, of course, is one that will be replied to by Mr. Mitchell, Mr. Stans and all of those in due course." He was saying in effect, as the circumstances compel him to say, that the responsibility neither begins nor ends with him.

John Osborne

"Reversing the Flow of Power"

Big Brother's Little Spoons

by Tom Geoghegan

In the fifth of his radio serials on the State of the Union, a pitch for special urban revenue sharing, the President had good news and bad. The bad news was that federal programs of the '60s, especially HUD's, were "extravagant; hastily passed measures designed by centralized planners and costing billions of dollars—but producing few results." The good news was that urban problems are on the way to being solved. "The hour of crisis is past, the ship of state is on an even keel," crime has dropped in a few central cities. Now,

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as city folk get ready for the grassroots democracy the President prescribes for them, all Congress has to do is fold the "fixed-purpose" programs of HUD into a flexible, special urban revenue sharing package.

The week before Mr. Nixon spoke, Roy L. Ash, director of the Office of Management and Budget, had promised the governors that the President's four special revenue sharing proposals—urban community development, education, law enforcement, job training—would mean more federal money, almost $200 million more, than that appropriated for the 70 categorical grant programs revenue sharing will replace. Democratic governors were wary. One said he was sure "we're getting short-changed some way." A close look at Ash's arithmetic bears the governor out, especially where the cities are concerned.

Manpower revenue sharing, first of all, is not supposed to "replace" the public employment program; the former is for job training; the latter hires people to work. The end of the public employment program means a loss of $2 billion (two years) for local jobs. Urban special revenue sharing is a deception, because as Charles Schultze, former director of the budget, has pointed out, the $2.3 billion budgeted for it in fiscal '74 is "run-out" money for obligations incurred as far back as the Johnson administration. Washington will continue to send checks to rid itself of old commitments, as it must under the law. Only in fiscal '75 will the mayors have a modest amount of so-called "new" money—and it is modest, $600 million. According to Schultze's calculations, only by 1978 will the mayors have the kind of money for new projects in community development that was available in 1972.

Altogether, the National League of Cities reported, the cutbacks in the next fiscal year mean a drop of $4.1 billion in federal appropriations from this fiscal year. Mayor Roman Gribbs of Detroit said Mr. Nixon told him the budget had an extra billion dollars to make sure the cities don't lose anything in the transition to special revenue sharing. The extra billion, Gribbs later discovered, appears only if "you include such items as payment for Social Security and veterans' benefits."

In theory the New Federalism sorts out the functions that each level of government can perform the best. At the federal level, it eliminates the so-called "service" approach to fighting urban blight and poverty. It calls instead for an "incomes" strategy, which might include property tax relief or health insurance, though there is nothing for either in the fiscal '74 budget. For the rest, the New Federalism transfers administrative and policy responsibility to state and local governments, while leaving Washington all the budget muscle over their programs. The White House sets what spending level it likes (or thinks the economy needs), takes care of defense, and has fewer organized constituents to block it on Capitol Hill. Funding pressure shifts from the White House to the mayors; if they wish *they* can soak their voters to save city programs, though many of those who are most taxable have escaped over city borders, and more may follow.

General revenue sharing, the first stage of the New Federalism, at one time had an almost Tocquevillean appeal. A few congressmen, like Henry Reuss (D, Wisc.) thought the federal government should demand some quid pro quo from the states for the shared money they would get. But with Elliot Richardson proclaiming the virtues of reversing the flow of power, Congress asked for nothing, not even good faith. The bill was better than another tax cut, but it set in motion the means for propping up one of the most Balkanized patterns of government in the world.

"Never have so few been governed by so many," Congressman Reuss said a few years ago. He was referring to 81,000 local governments, 38,000 of them now sharing federal government revenues. In 228 official metropolitan areas there are 20,000 local governments; the San Francisco Bay area alone has 850. Consider the administrative confusion—what power should be decentralized to whom? Many of these governments should be left to die. Furthermore, scattered wholesale, revenue sharing is peanuts. This year there is $3.5 billion available for local governments, $1.8 billion for the states. That comes to less than five percent of total state and local spending. And this money may go in part to assessing jurisdictions or small county townships that have no power to tax or spend. In my own county in Northern Virginia, the revenue sharing bundle comes to slightly over one percent of the county budget. Within counties such as mine are hamlet governments that may get anywhere from $10,000 to $100,000 a year. As one mayor told *The New York Times*, "Revenue sharing may turn out to be a national civics lesson" for us all.

Early supporters of general revenue sharing, like Walter Heller and Edmund Muskie, still like the idea, but say there is no logical connection between it and *special* revenue sharing. Heller says that general revenue sharing was intended to beef up local and state services of the most humdrum, prosaic kind. The irony of special revenue sharing is that it will add to state and local burdens—burdens which themselves led to general revenue sharing in the first place. Since 1950 the number of people employed in state and local government has climbed from 2.5 million to 10 million or more. Federal civilian employment has held steady at 2.5 to 3 million. Taxes to pay for "big government" at the state and local level have risen from a five percent to a 10 percent share of the GNP. State and local tax receipts are now up to 71 percent of federal tax receipts. The federal government, which in 1946 collected roughly 75 percent of all taxes, collected 58 percent (excluding Social Security) in 1971. Yet Mr. Nixon has been indignant at the horde of *federal* bureaucrats "who peer over your shoulder and tell you what to do." By proposing to decentralize so many

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functions of the federal government, he will increase as well as fragment the bureaucracy.

But there's more to it than that. Special revenue sharing will impose heavy new demands on a fairly limited supply of administrative talent. In his book *The New Federalism* Professor Michael Reagan writes: "In everything from farm programs through public assistance and highway construction to air and water pollution control techniques, technical services make the difference between effective and ineffective expenditure of funds. . . . No matter what the salary scales might be, there would just not be enough top-drawer talent trained in each field to go around. We cannot multiply 50 times the number of first rate people in order to have some of them on the payroll of each individual state." Wilbur Cohen, former secretary of HEW, adds, "The good people [at the state and local level] leave because there is no career service. The only good people are in budget and finance, and not in the substantive programs."

The administration is right that grant-in-aid programs were in need of streamlining, especially in education and community development. The OMB reported last year there were 520 congressional authorizations for "categoricals." Under these authorizations, the federal government had a hand in 1060 programs. In many cities neither Washington nor the mayors could know, the OMB concluded, "how many programs are operating in a specific area, who the administering agencies are, or the dollar amount of the resources expended." The mayors found this intolerable. So did some liberals in Congress, though they let the conservatives grab the red-tape issue. Muskie's Intergovernmental Cooperation Act, introduced last month, is one of the few efforts, his aides say, to modernize the grant process rather than junk it.

Today the mayors too want to save much, though not all of the grant process—strings and all. It was estimated in 1970 that two-thirds of the categoricals went directly to the cities. In New Orleans, Mayor Moon Landrieu points out that the existing "strings" on categoricals gave him the chance to get a big chunk of his budget through the white city council and into black neighborhoods. Model Cities, he says, "allowed us to play 'catch-up' for the many years in which most of [the] city budget was spent in white neighborhoods."

COMING: An interview
with Walter Lippmann
by his biographer
Ronald Steel

Is it any wonder that Mr. Nixon's New Federalism is such good politics in the suburbs, which feel they've been outmaneuvered by the big cities and black neighborhoods? Revenue sharing helps protect them from the demands of places like Gary, Indiana, a city that was much fussed over during the Johnson administration. One Gary official has said, "Whatever program we thought up they sent us money for it, and if we couldn't think up a program, why, they sent us the money anyway." The grant process is of course political, with built-in advantages for big cities. They can afford to send staffs to Washington to pore over *The Federal Register*, find the likely grants, and make out applications. A mayor with shrewd city planners and good contacts, like Richard Lee of New Haven, used to walk off with a pirate's share of the urban renewal money. White middle-class Republican suburbs, with no great "needs" except sewers and schools, were bound to suffer in a process that was based on need. They also began to find it awkward to fill out civil rights compliance forms that integration-minded departments like HUD attached to many grants.

General revenue sharing, as it has worked out, also protects them from their own state governments, which mysteriously ended up with just a third of the money. With what they do control, as Governor John West of South Carolina points out, state legislators will log-roll and fight over so that each district, rich or poor, gets its due. All the way around the winners in the New Federalism are the well-established suburbs—though not new, rapidly expanding communities with big start-up expenses. And if there is less money for community development, Washington will still be generous with mortgage insurance and tax write-offs for suburban homeowners.

Proponents of New Federalism have an astonishing answer to those like Mayor Landrieu who fear that special revenue sharing as an alternative to grants-in-aid short-changes the black and the poor. As Richard Nathan of the Brookings Institution explains it, since the black and the poor are in control of the cities, special urban revenue sharing, even with no strings attached, will get them all the money they really need. "It seems wrong," Nathan told the Muskie committee on Intergovernmental Relations, "to continue to build up quasi-governmental games for the poor to play if they control to a large extent the central cities." Since he doesn't name names, presumably we are to think of Gary and Newark. But these two places prove only that in a big enough disaster area, the poor will have handed over to them city governments as bankrupt and impoverished as they are. It might be more accurate to say that the new power of the black and the poor has created a terrible racial stalemate in many cities, one as likely to start brawls in a white Forest Hills as in a black Bedford-Stuyvesant.

Special revenue sharing is in some trouble in many

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committees of Congress. "If you can't get me to sell it," says Senator Muskie, a liberal advocate of general revenue sharing, "you'll have trouble getting anyone to sell it." Muskie still supports general revenue sharing, and Congress is not likely to tamper with this money, no matter how thinly it has been spread. Congress might, however, push the administration on the one really promising idea of New Federalism—Mr. Nixon's campaign promise to equalize or perhaps cut in half the property tax. As Dr. Walter Heller notes, this promise is now barely a postscript in the budget message, and at the moment there is nothing budgeted this year or next for tax relief here.

Democrats have to take the New Federalism seriously, for even if it gives wrong answers, it asks many of the right questions. What kind and how much revenue should state and local governments be allowed to raise? Is more revenue sharing the way to go, or should the states make more vigorous use of the state income tax? How can the federal government enforce national standards, yet leave state and local governments free to experiment? Is it fair to reward governments that reform their tax structures and consolidate their government operations or put their revenue shares to some "progressive use"? And what is a progressive use? Property tax relief may be just as "progressive" and much more popular than a clumsy expansion of the state bureaucracy. These are not nuts-and-bolts questions of public administration; they are the political issues at the heart of the New Federalism.

Rather than let 38,000 governments decide what the country should be doing, the federal government must stay in the business of making national policy by its determination of spending priorities. That means more than streamlining the categoricals or shooting block grants into the inner city. It means reaching for bigger kinds of national goals—a metropolitan growth policy, for one thing. The answers to many of the problems of the cities, like good jobs and decent family housing, are somewhere out in our carefully zoned suburbs. That's why even if they did run city hall the black and the poor can't be kept locked up, as the New Federalism proposes, to gild their own ghetto.

There is talk these days about state and local governments being more progressive and representative than ever. Governor Jimmy Carter of Georgia refers to "the new participation" at the grass roots—but the new participation, he promptly admits, has mostly been a response to old federal anti-poverty initiatives. We may never be able to dig beneath the slogans, since the most disappointing thing about the New Federalism is that the administration won't put enough money into it. The game plan is to hand out spoons, one senator said, and ask people to move mountains.

Absentee Owners of America—VI

Elites and Alternatives

by Peter Barnes

Some time ago Senator Lee Metcalf of Montana invited nine of the largest industrial corporations to make known the names of their 30 principal stockholders. Five of the nine—General Motors, Standard Oil of New Jersey, IBM, Texaco and ITT—refused, citing "fiduciary responsibility to our stockholders" and other arguments for secrecy. Ford, Chrysler, General Electric and Mobil did release the names. In each instance, the largest stockholders were banks and the New York Stock Exchange itself, disguised under various "street names." Ford's top 30 stockholders held 35 percent of the total common stock, with banks and the NYSE accounting for 33 percent. The comparable figures for General Electric were 21 and 20 percent, for Chrysler 41 and 39 percent, and for Mobil 28 and 26 percent.

From this pattern some general conclusions can be drawn. A small number of financial institutions hold and vote large chunks of many corporations' stock. These financial institutions don't "own" all the stock they hold; they have most of it in trust for others. There is thus a separation between beneficial owners—those who get the dividends and capital gains—and operational owners—those who control the organizations. The precise configurations of beneficial and operational ownership and their consequences for the general public are not discernible. We do know that

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the top 200 manufacturing corporations, according to Willard Mueller, former chief economist of the Federal Trade Commission, control about two-thirds of the manufacturing assets in America and the percentage is rising; that the 50 largest commercial banks, according to Representative Wright Patman, hold nearly half the nation's deposits and two-thirds of the stock held in trust, and these percentages are also rising; and finally that although there were some 30 million individual stock owners in America, one percent of the population owned 72 percent of the corporate stock, according to 1962 Federal Reserve Board figures.

From such statistics it is possible to discern the silhouettes of two elites and a minority. There is a small elite that manages—though not necessarily owns—the few hundred corporations that control most of the nation's assets. This might be called the managerial elite. Then there is a second elite, overlapping to some extent with the first, that controls the financial institutions. Let's call this the financial elite. The number of persons in these two elites could probably be accommodated in a small auditorium. Finally there is a minority—it's too large to be called an elite—that constitutes the beneficial owners of America's productive wealth. This minority has about two or three million members, including a relative handful who are benefited far more than the rest.

Neither the managerial nor the financial elite is elected by or responsible to the general public. Both are accountable to the wealth-owning minority, though as a practical matter, they are not personally accountable even to it. Both are made up largely of "men operating in the same atmosphere, absorbing the same information, moving in the same circles," as Adolf A. Berle described them. Of the two, the managerial elite is more dispersed geographically and slightly more open to new arrivers. The financial elite is situated primarily in downtown New York and is more inbred. The power relationships between the two are shifting. Around the turn of the century the great Wall Street financial houses helped establish and then dominated the railroad, steel, electrical equipment, electric power and other industrial trusts. During the middle part of the century it was said that the corporate managers attained a high degree of autonomy. Lately power appears to be shifting back to the financial elite, at least in industries that require large infusions of outside capital.

The wealth-owning minority is a little harder to pin down. The Temporary National Economic Committee reported in 1940 that 13 family groups—including the Rockefellers, DuPonts, Mellons, Fords, Pews, McCormicks and Dukes—owned over eight percent of the stock of the 200 largest industrial corporations, and that one family or a small number of families owned either a majority or a substantial minority of the voting stock of about 80 top corporations. Since 1940 the absolute size of the wealth-owning minority has increased by hundreds of thousands. New families have risen to prominence, while most of the old fortunes have remained intact. (A recent *Wall Street Journal* article noted that the Mellon family owns 30 percent of Aluminum Company of America, 40 percent of Mellon National Bank, 27 percent of Gulf Oil, and 20 percent each of Carborundum Co., Koppers Co., First Boston Corp. and General Reinsurance Corp.

The number of economic control centers has declined during the past several decades. In the automobile industry, which once had dozens of control centers, there are now four—and maybe only one, since General Motors sets the course. The pervasive influence that financial institutions have in certain industries—*e.g.*, utilities and airlines—means that the effective number of control centers may be even smaller than appears on the surface. A diminishing number of control centers means diminished competition, with the consequence that less is produced and more is charged for what is produced. Another consequence is a conspiracy of silence within the elites. If, say, the price of steel goes up, automobile manufacturers will not squawk; they will pass on the price increase to their customers, with a profit tacked on top.

Not until midway into the 19th century was such a diminution of control centers legally possible. Control of the American economy was highly decentralized by reason of the fact that state incorporation laws generally limited firms to one line of business and barred them from owning property outside the state. In 1866 the New Jersey legislature—described as "the best that money could buy"—abandoned this tradition and permitted corporations chartered at Trenton to engage in business outside the state. Delaware and other states soon followed, and the rush to trust-building was on.

The concentration of beneficial ownership produces somewhat different effects. Beneficial ownership determines, to a great degree, who is well-off and who is poor. Concentration of beneficial ownership skewers the way money flows after the elites have taken their cut. Thus the striking disparities between, say, Darien, Connecticut and McDowell County, West Virginia. Darien has no natural resources or factories, but it does have a sizable colony of wealth-owners. The opposite is true of Appalachia, northern New England, most rural areas and inner cities. While the federal government combats poverty by pumping billions of dollars into these depressed areas, the private economy perpetuates poverty by sucking billions of dollars out. In many instances the corporations that export wealth from impoverished areas don't leave behind enough local taxes to provide for decent schools.

How might concentrated ownership and concentrated control be modified? One traditional approach has been to accept the pattern of concentration and attempt to regulate the behavior of the elites; thus a

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plethora of state and federal regulatory agencies, but not much in the way of benefits for the nonwealth-owning public. A more aggressive approach has been to invoke the antitrust laws. But the antitrust laws don't address themselves to concentrated beneficial ownership. They would, if scrupulously enforced, increase the number of economic control centers, but that would not alter the basic distribution of wealth. Another problem is that the antitrust laws lack an organized constituency. Labor is lukewarm toward them because workers in concentrated industries indirectly share in the rakeoffs of monopoly. A breakup of GM might be more attractive to auto workers if, as part of the package, they could acquire ownership of the smaller units, or a good share of it.

A good case can be made that antitrust laws actually reinforce existing patterns of ownership and control. This was Thurman Arnold's contention a generation ago in *The Folklore of Capitalism*. Arnold argued that the antitrust laws, without hurting the giant corporations, taught them how to look respectable. At the same time the antitrust laws satisfied, with negligible results, a populist urge to attack bigness. "The reason why these attacks always ended with a ceremony of atonement," Arnold wrote, "lay in the fact that there were no new organizations growing up to take over the functions of those under attack . . . . A great cooperative movement in America might have changed the power of the industrial empire. Preaching against it, however, simply resulted in counter-preaching."

If antitrust laws and government regulation were going to work miracles, it seems safe to say they would have worked them by now. So what can be done? Arnold's analysis suggests that concentration must be attacked, and that new economic organizations must be built that are accountable to larger numbers of people and that distribute income more equitably. Several types of organizations, not mutually exclusive, commend themselves for consideration.

Publicly owned enterprises. There's been much shying away from the notion of public ownership since the 1930s, perhaps because the economic elites have persuaded us that public ownership of any but money-losing undertakings—*e.g.*, railroad passenger service—borders on sin; that is, it is contrary to our "free enterprise" ethic. The objective of public ownership, however, is not to replace private corporations, but to keep them more honest and competitive. Ideally major industries such as steel, autos and oil could consist of one publicly owned company and several that are privately owned. Pluralism of this sort would revitalize competition far more effectively than a mile-long parade of antitrust prosecutions. Thus if the steel industry were producing at 50 percent of capacity and US Steel tried to raise rather than lower its prices—as happened during the 1950s—a publicly owned steel company could undersell it. Competitive pressure could help keep steel production high and prices low.

Publicly owned enterprises at strategic spots in the economy would also shatter the conspiracy of silence within the elites. Recent experiences show how this might work. It was the Tennessee Valley Authority, tired of paying exorbitant prices for electrical machinery, that blew the whistle on the electrical price-fixing conspiracy in the 1950s. In 1971, it was again the public power companies—not the "investor-owned" utilities—that demanded a Federal Trade Commission investigation of soaring coal prices and the oil industry takeover of competing fuel resources.

It is in the energy industry, in fact, that the need for public ownership is most evident. Oil companies now own more than 60 percent of America's natural gas reserves, 29 of the top 50 coal companies and 45 percent of known uranium reserves. Within the oil industry itself, competition is docile, thanks to joint ventures, on-again, off-again import quotas and state pro-rationing of production. Recently the oil and gas companies pressured the Federal Power Commission to grant generous hikes in interstate gas rates, despite the FPC's inability to verify the companies' claims of shrinking reserves. Public development of the oil, gas, coal and geothermal resources on public lands would be beneficial in many ways. It would inject some lively competition into a cartel-type industry, enable regulatory agencies to look more critically at oil company data, and permit the timely development of energy resources in an ecologically sound manner, at prices that don't gouge the public. Part of the earnings from public development could be plowed back into the areas from which the resources were taken, or public energy corporations themselves could be regionally based, with profits allocated according to regionally determined priorities.

The argument against public ownership, apart from its sinfulness, is that it leads to inefficient, self-aggrandizing bureaucracies that sometimes do odd things: *e.g.*, build World Trade Centers. This *is* a danger. But private corporations are the most aggrandizing organizations in the world; there are highly competent public enterprises (NASA), as well as incompetent private ones (the Penn Central). Competition between private and public enterprises can keep the public ones trim as well as the private ones more honest.

Cooperatively owned enterprises. Cooperatives may be organized for production, distribution or purchasing; their common trait is that they provide services and products for members, not profits for absentee shareholders. Members elect directors and often make major policy decisions on a one-man, one-vote basis. Cooperatives have a long history in America, going back to the Grange and the Farmers' Alliance. Today the Midwest is dotted with cooperative grain elevators, gas stations and electric companies. In other parts of the country, there are cooperatively owned supermar-

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kets, housing projects, medical clinics, credit unions and funeral societies. It is estimated that 38 million Americans are members of at least one cooperative. Nevertheless, the cooperative movement has fallen far short of its potential. With few exceptions, cooperatives have been unable to amass the capital necessary to compete with corporations in great industrial or financial undertakings. And where cooperatives have grown large, they have generally sacrificed their member-controlled character. The Farm Bureau's multibillion-dollar enterprises, for example, are virtually indistinguishable from profit-seeking corporations', while mutual insurance companies and savings banks long ago lost any resemblance to true cooperatives.

The federal government has, in a limited way, looked benignly upon cooperatives. There is no equivalent of the corporate income tax for cooperatives, on the theory that members' earnings are their own; and cooperatives are largely exempt from the antitrust laws. During the 1930s the Agriculture Department began making low-interest loans to rural electric and telephone cooperatives. But there has been no federal commitment to provide capital to urban cooperatives, or to promote cooperatives to a more ascendant role in the economy.

Community-owned enterprises. The aim of community-owned enterprises, like that of cooperatives, is to prevent the siphoning off of profits and control to distant shareholders and elites. Typically community ownership in the United States has taken the form of community development corporations, or CDCs. A CDC may be a nonprofit or a profit-making corporation. Shares are sold at nominal prices to residents of a geographic or ethnic community; directors are elected on a one man, one vote basis. A CDC may engage in one or several businesses, and also provide political leadership to its community. The emergence of CDCs is relatively recent. One of the oldest and most successful is Progress Enterprises of Philadelphia, organized by the Reverend Leon Sullivan in 1962. It has some 6000 shareholders; among its businesses are a shopping center, a housing project, a small electronics plant, a garment factory and several retail stores. Other CDCs include FIGHT in Rochester, the Hough Area Development Corporation in Cleveland, United Durham, Inc., in Durham, North Carolina, and Operation Bootstrap in Watts. All told, there are about 35 CDCs in existence today. Community-owned enterprises have received some financial support from the Office of Economic Opportunity, the Small Business Administration and the Department of Housing and Urban Development. Legislation that would create a US community development bank, with four billion dollars in loan capital for CDCs, is stalled in Congress.

Worker-owned enterprises. Experience with worker ownership has been largely confined to countries such as Yugoslavia and Israel, but there are a few examples in the United States. A number of successful small businessmen have willed their businesses to employee trusts, and one relatively large corporation, the Chicago and Northwestern Railroad, has been sold to its own employees, mainly because it was floundering. A handful of other firms (*e.g.*, the Statesman Insurance Group) has adopted employee stock ownership plans designed by Louis Kelso, which will ultimately lead to worker ownership. Worker ownership is not necessarily accompanied by worker control, and in the US it rarely is. But in England, a moderate-sized plastics company, Scott Bader, Inc., which is owned and largely controlled by its workers, has shown rising profits for 20 years. And a study by economist Seymour Melman, comparing six industrial firms in Israel controlled by workers with six comparable firms controlled by managers, found that the former were substantially more efficient both in terms of labor productivity and return on capital investment. Worker motivation was higher, and administrative salaries and overhead lower in the worker-controlled firms.

Each of the above forms of ownership has its strengths and weaknesses. Of the four, public ownership lends itself most readily to large-scale undertakings; the others work best when they stay small. None seems to possess the corporation's superlative ability to mobilize manpower and capital, but all have virtues that the absentee-owned corporation lacks. Together, they would add competitive vigor to the economy, join the people of impoverished areas to the wealth around them, and afford at least some measure of popular control over economic decisions.

An economy, if it is to function smoothly, must have a hierarchy. But if a hierarchy is unavoidable, some modifying conditions ought to prevail. Those at the top of the hierarchy ought to be as numerous and as close to the general public as possible. They ought to operate on behalf of broad constituencies, and they ought to be accountable to those constituencies.

As this series of articles in *The New Republic* has indicated, our economy bears scant resemblance to this ideal: it is controlled by an extremely small, largely unaccountable set of elites operating on behalf of a wealth-owning minority that is also small. To alter this pattern of ownership and control would be no easy task; a full-scale federal commitment would be needed. Such a commitment would require the creation of many TVAs in many industries, the provision of large amounts of credit to cooperatives and CDCs, the conversion of corporate units into alternate ownership forms, and the nurturing of a new managerial ethos. All of this is politically unfeasible at the moment, but so are many things until enough people decide they want or need them.

This is the concluding article of the Absentee Owners of America series.

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JULES FEIFFER

COULDN'T FIND A JOB.

JOINED THE ARMY.

SENT TO NAM.

THREE TOURS OF DUTY.

CAME HOME DETESTED.

CAN'T FIND A JOB.

AMNESTY FOR DRAFT DODGERS AND DESERTERS?

THAT'S COOL.

BUT WHAT ABOUT AMNESTY FOR VETS?

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Stanley Kauffmann on films

Ludwig
(MGM)

Slither
(MGM)

Ludwig is about two mad kings, Ludwig II of Bavaria and Luchino Visconti, who made the picture. The latter is only figuratively true, of course, but along with Ludwig's disintegration, we can see Luchino's.

The first mad symptom is the choice of this mad subject. This is a historical epic without a hero (like *Nicholas and Alexandra*), a central figure but no protagonist. Two hours and 53 minutes, acres of scenery, brigades of actors, all to detail what is only a case history, not a drama, let alone a tragedy.

Visconti has lately been devoting himself to German sin. *The Damned* (1970) was an operatic and politically stupid account of a rotting family of Ruhr tycoons who embraced Nazism. *Death in Venice* (1971) reduced Thomas Mann's great novella about the survival of Pan to a sickly bitter-centered bon bon. Now Visconti has found himself another Teutonic toboggan-slide—the king (1846-86) who built fantastic castles, poured riches on Richard Wagner, was homosexual, became paranoiac, was dethroned, and committed suicide. Is Visconti wreaking one-man revenge for the Axis? Or is he, as an Italian friend of mine maintains, simply jealous of German grandeur?

The way of transgressors is hard, says the Old Testament, and Visconti doesn't make it any easier. We plunk plunk plunk along in a story without character or theme or narrative structure. Very obviously there has been a lot of chopping and patching of the film, which contributes to a general sense of lunacy. For instance, Wagner is present from time to time, naturally, but he just commutes in and out. His last appearance is on that famous Christmas morning in 1870 at Triebschen where he awakened Cosima with a performance of the newly composed *Siegfried Idyll*. Why that scene was retained in a film that lacks all sorts of narrative links would be a mystery, if it were interesting.

Or, another instance, a few minutes after the picture starts, a *coup d'état* is launched as a group of cabinet ministers leave for Ludwig's castle. Then it's dropped. I thought that Visconti had simply forgotten to snip that bit, and thought so for a couple of hours until the *coup d'état* story is picked up again and I realized that everything in between had been a flashback. Or, another puzzle, at the end of a scene with Elizabeth of Austria, Ludwig's near-mistress, she says something about being assassinated, then we suddenly see a shot of her laid out on a bed under a veil, covered with flowers like a corpse. I thought we were being told in shorthand that she died soon after; she certainly disappeared for a long time. But, lo, she came in again later. What was that funereal bit for?

As Ludwig, Helmut Berger's teeth go progressively bad, but his performance beats him to it. Romy Schneider, the Elizabeth, is as repellently smirky as ever. Helmut Griem has a few fair moments as a military aide. Trevor Howard, as Wagner, is unwittingly funny. He's a fine actor and juices things up when he's on screen, but he so patently doesn't know what the character is or where it's heading, he's so patently impatient to get off and have a drink and pick up his check and head home to England, that he gives matters a certain breezy inattention.

So the whole film seems as mad as its subject—in every way but one. It is gorgeous. The photography, by Armando Nannuzzi, is good indeed, but it's the materials that make the splendor. Piero Tosi designed the costumes, and you have only to know that he did the same for Visconti's *The Leopard* and *Death in Venice* to foresee what opulence and sweep these clothes have. For uniforms, Tosi had only to be accurate; military tailors have always known what the purpose of a uniform is. With civilian clothes, Tosi has an unerring eye for the dramatic, the *enviable*. I could feel several of Ludwig's marvelous overcoats wrapping my body as I watched, which surely was the effect Tosi was after.

Under Visconti's direction. This former artist and latter-day mad charlatan understands the theater in an old-fashioned sweeping-entrance and delayed-exit way. (See how Ludwig leaves the all-night drinking party with the young men—pausing in the open door and looking back.) Visconti miscalculated badly in his choice of subject but he understands that he's dishing up what used to be called "servant-girl theater": thrills of luxury for the lowly. He lays it on with a mink-covered trowel. Not only palaces and chateaux—the film was shot on location—but small lake-steamers and lamplit sleighs drawn by plumed horses. (The last is a lovely slow-motion moonlit shot.) And Visconti knows how to make "mere" incidents visually full, like the ministers coming up to the castle gate at night on foot in a pouring rain, each one carrying an umbrella.

Expect no sense. Shut your ears. (Besides the English, some Wagner gets

(continued on page 33)

Films Worth Seeing

The Discreet Charm of the Bourgeoisie. Buñuel, apparently getting younger, mocks the fantasies of the stuffily corrupt with pitiless wit.

The Emigrants. Liv Ullmann. Max von Sydow. If that's not enough, some truth about 19th-century Sweden that drove people to the US.

Jeremiah Johnson. Robert Redford as a trapper in the Rockies 130 years ago, in a picture of exceptional authenticity.

Painters Painting. Articulate interviews with 13 US artists and some other art-world figures. Fascinating. A lot of painting included—in decent color.

Payday. Rip Torn as a country-music singing star in the last epitomic days of his crazy life. American culture, sharply sliced.

The Ruling Class. A generally fascinating mess about a religious nut who inherits an earldom. Peter O'Toole fine, as are most of the others.

Traffic. Jacques Tati's latest comedy is his best: a balletic spoof about auto madness. Actually more to be looked at than laughed at.

SK

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Fanaticism and Compassion

Memoir of a Revolutionary

by Milovan Djilas

(Harcourt Brace Jovanovich; $12)

This *Memoir*, the second volume of Djilas' autobiography, is the intimate personal history of a Communist Man and leader in the making, and the secret history of the Yugoslav Communist Party he helped create in the 1930s—a party that was able to conduct a successful revolution and a war of liberation against Nazi Germany and Fascist Italy at the same time. The magnitude of this double achievement was accomplished by only two other Communist Parties—the Bolsheviks and the Red Chinese, with a possible third in North Vietnam.

The memoir begins with his poignant departure from his impoverished family and village in the remote mountains of Montenegro (clothed in homemade peasant garb he carried his few possessions in a bundle; he had never seen a railroad) and ends in May 1941 soon after the Yugoslav state had collapsed under the Nazi attack. At that point the Yugoslav Communists under the leadership of Tito, Djilas, Kardelj, Rankovic, Lola-Ribar and their associates were preparing to launch war against the Nazi and Italian occupation forces, and simultaneously to launch their internal struggle against the Croatian Ustashis, the Serbian Chetniks and others.

Djilas had his beginnings as a revolutionary in the '30s at Belgrade University. As World War II approached he forged disaffected students into the shock troops of the movement that Tito later was to lead into the "War of Liberation." The weakness of the movement was that with students as its initial driving force it had little contact with the working class, which regarded student intellectuals with suspicion. As did the Yugoslav artisan class. Yet the rage of the peasants over their terrible poverty, and against the high-handed methods of the monarchy's officials and police in the provinces, offered great revolutionary potential. The chief problem Djilas and other students faced was how to contact and win over workers and peasants.

The new dimensions to our understanding of the inner workings of the Communist dynamic given us in this book could have been provided only by a man who knew all the actors in his country's bloody and secret war. He draws for us sharply etched portraits of these men and women and tells of their final fates. We have had great literary works from Solzhenitsyn, Bulgakov and other Soviet writers about the impact of Communist dictatorship on the human spirit and lives of the people, but we had to wait for a Djilas to depict for us the self-destructive and vicious assaults on human dignity carried out by party members in the internecine struggle. Many were tortured and killed by the dictatorship's police. Others were executed by the Nazis, the Chetniks or the Ustashis. Others were felled by NKVD executioners in Moscow during the purges of 1936-37. Some disappeared into Siberia. Djilas treats nobody as a cipher; each person is described physically, assessed for his foibles, fears, cowardice, heroism.

Nor does he fail to assess himself. He tells the grim story of a young man who came to regard the revolutionary struggle as the only reality in life. He accepted completely the infallibility of the Soviet leaders, all through the horrors of the purges, the twists and turns of Soviet domestic and foreign policy, the Soviet-Nazi Pact, the partition of Poland and the occupation of the Baltic states. He regarded those who objected to any phase of Soviet policy or dared criticize Stalin as unstable, or as the enemy.

One of the most interesting sections of the *Memoir* is a step-by-step account of Djilas' three pre-war years in various penitentiaries where he found himself among many Communists of various stripes. His account of police tortures is chilling. Yet despite the severity of the prison systems the Communists organized themselves, held seminars, argued about theory and practice. In fact the Communists in the three large penitentiaries organized what in effect became postgraduate universities in Marxism and Communist tactics. Djilas defended Moscow. He emerged from prison as one of the few undisputed leaders of the party.

In 1937 Tito returned from Paris to take over leadership. Up to that year, Djilas and his friends had had only the most tenuous contact with Yugoslavia's Central Committee, which was in exile, and none with the Comintern. They had navigated in the dark, using Moscow as their North Star. Djilas and Tito developed a father-son relationship, and the firm hand of Tito guided the renascent party through the final years of the decade. One of the singular paradoxes of their isolation from the Comintern was that, despite unwavering loyalty to Stalin, Djilas and his friends —even Tito, when he took charge—had to make their own decisions in all critical situations. Here were sown the seeds of that independence that within the next decade led to the break with Moscow and the extraordinary subsequent struggle for survival against Stalin and those of his subordinates whom he placed in power in the other East European capitals. The paradox was underscored by the disappearance of Milan Gorkic, head of the exiled Central Committee, together with other leaders who had been put in NKVD dungeons in Moscow. Djilas writes that when the *new* Central Committee had been informed by Tito of the arrest in Moscow of the exiled leaders, "not one of us objected. On the contrary, we were delighted that the Soviet Union had dealt a final blow to the emigrants." But having killed off the emigré Yugoslav leaders, the Soviet Communist Party could not send back a team of "Moscow" Communists with the Red army, to take over as it did in the other Eastern European countries. The Yugoslav Communist Party, led by its home-tested leadership was thus able to establish power and, within three years, to defy Stalin.

One of the important revelations in this *Memoir* is of Communist opposition, early in the '30s, to the Yugoslav state itself, as a creation of World War I imperialists. The Communists first favored a federation of the constituent parts of Yugoslavia with the other Balkan states and the Soviet Union, but changed their line as World War II approached.

A less important, but sadder episode deals with Djilas' attempt to enforce Communist puritanism in relations between men and women in the party. He

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did not even spare Mitra Mitrovic (to whom this book is dedicated), a beautiful woman who was to become his wife. Devoted to Djilas and the revolution, she found herself alone during the three years of his pre-war imprisonment—and apparently something happened. On being freed, Djilas heard rumors about her and, under pressure from his associates, urged her to appear and defend her conduct before an inquiry group, which she did. Submission to the revolution and its disciplines appeared to have no limits for Djilas.

The *Memoir* has the flavor of a diary. Djilas faithfully records his acts, thoughts, emotions in the critical decade of his life without the hindsight of his new views after he broke with Tito and the party. It was a period in his life of total commitment—an almost medieval fanaticism which, however, could not suppress altogether his compassion and his sensitivity as an artist. His later break with the party occurred because as artist and humanitarian he had to utter a loud and resounding "No," even though he was at the pinnacle of power. He sums up the Communist dilemma sharply when he writes:

> Throughout my life as a Communist, I always felt a sense of guilt toward the party for one reason or another. No sooner would I forget one "sin" than I would come up with another. Every Communist I knew had the same experience—that goes for even the highest-ranking functionaries, absolutely without exception. They felt guilty either because of some political slip-up, some ideological activity, a secret passion for women, or failure at a police interrogation. I might even go so far as to say that the better the Communist, the more intense the feeling of guilt. This phenomenon can be explained in terms of the party's dogmatic and sectarian character. But there was one more thing: the constant conflict between one's instincts and the nature of Communism, which seeks to subjugate man completely.

His fall was vertiginous, but a new man was born in the solitary cells of the Srmska Mitrovica prison. There he became one of the few brilliant writers to survive the cultural wasteland of postwar Eastern Europe.

M. S. Handler

The Gentle Politician

The Papers of Adlai E. Stevenson: Washington to Springfield, 1941-1948 Volume II

edited by Walter Johnson and Carol Evans

(Little, Brown; $12.50)

The voice that filters back through memory and the pages of this book is one of clarity and compassion, of morality without self-righteousness, of vision tempered with practicality, of humor without cynicism and perhaps rarest of all in our politics, of gentleness. It was a voice that made millions believe that there could be honor and nobility of purpose in public service and launched thousands into an active and continuing role in politics.

The second volume (of a scheduled eight) of Adlai Stevenson's collected papers traces his career from 1941 when he became assistant to secretary of the Navy Frank Knox to his election as governor of Illinois in 1948—eight years of growing political maturity during which the central policies, public attitudes and intellectual conflicts that were to dominate American political life until the late 1960s were shaped.

The backdrop is familiar: the beginnings of World War II, the effort prior to Pearl Harbor to rouse America to global duties; the gradual mobilization of national resources and popular energy to defeat the Axis powers; the turning of the tide in Europe and in the Pacific; the dawning realization that keeping the peace might be as difficult as winning the war; the tentative beginnings of the reconstruction of Europe; the hopeful aura surrounding the founding of the United Nations; the growing mutual distrust between the Soviet Union and the United States; the Truman Doctrine and the strange yet determinative election of 1948. Stevenson worked near the top of government and with some of the men and women who were to shape policy until the 1960s—leaders such as Eleanor Roosevelt, James F. Byrnes, Arthur Vandenberg, John Foster Dulles, Dean Acheson, John McCloy—and his career intertwined with the major events of the decade. He perhaps personified the end of an era, the last of the sons of the well-born, the graduates of Groton, Exeter and Choate, of Harvard, Yale and Princeton (Stevenson was of Choate, Princeton, Harvard Law and landed gentry), the people who knew everybody, who by dint of interest, ability and connection rose to the highest echelons of the foreign policy establishment.

But Stevenson grew to be something more than his peers. This collection of his papers—selected speeches, memoranda, letters and diaries—trace the development of a quality of mind and spirit that distinguished him. If Henry Fairlie is correct when he says that youth is a state of mind living in a sense of immediate time, then the Stevenson who in 1942 (at 42) raced frantically to Maine and burst excitedly into a private presidential dinner in order to pass an "urgent, top secret" report from Admiral Chester Nimitz that the Russians were clandestinely negotiating with Hitler and who was abashed, stunned and not a little hurt when Roosevelt took the message with calm disbelief, was still very much a youth. But the Stevenson who emerged six years later as governor of Illinois had a perception of the contours of history, the delicate interrelationship between political forces and the limits of political expectancy that denotes political sophistication.

The man had an enviable experience in the Navy Department, working on public relations policy, traveling to the Caribbean and the Pacific, speaking in support of the war effort. He had a part in the Strategic Bombing Survey in 1944. He headed a special mission to chart the rehabilitation of Italy which, as a result of his work, set guidelines for the eventual rehabilitation of Europe. He helped set up the United Nations at conferences in San Francisco, London and New York. He was in the thick of Illinois politics leading to his election as governor in 1948 by the largest margin ever given a Democrat in

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that state.

Yet his self-education was something greater than experience. Perhaps this was no more clearly revealed than in his diaries, which he often started and never sustained. They reveal a mind grounded in humanistic values, re-evaluating everything read, seen, done. His mission to Italy, for instance, was not simply a fact-finding investigation of conditions of war-ravaged Italy and Sicily, it was a journey through Roman and Italian history, a seeking out of the feelings of people—civilian and military, Italian and American, and a conscious effort to put past and present, fact and feeling into a coherent projection of the future. His ability to sway large masses of people in 1952 owed itself not so much to the ideas he spoke as to the pictures he painted. There were few speeches during this period that reached the heights of eloquence of his 1952 campaign, but there were many which showed his deepening understanding and his growing ability to communicate his perceptions in simple terms, without condescension.

It was also in this period when his self-doubts about his abilities and ambitions were resolved and he decided to compete actively in politics. In an age when lust for public office is deemed necessary, it is refreshing to read Stevenson ponder his dissatisfaction with trying simply to be a good lawyer, to see him derogate his felt need for recognition and power. But as the decade wore on and as he witnessed the horrors of war and the obstacles to a lasting peace, his personal and public commitment to responsibility for leadership grew, and by 1948 it was no longer a question of whether he would seek office, but which office he would seek.

Although editors Walter Johnson and Carol Evans worked closely with Stevenson during his lifetime, they make no effort to play down his weaknesses—his refusal to oppose the Cook County political machine of Colonel Jacob Arvey (in the hope that he might transcend the machine by appealing to the people on issues), or his moments of immobilizing indecision that exasperated his friends and hurt him politically. What comes through, however, is a deep and abiding concern with issues that would form the core of his public advocacy for more than two decades, most notably racial justice and global cooperation. While still in the Navy Department, he argued for racial integration of the officer corps, long before that was accomplished; while campaigning for governor he spoke on civil rights—not in Chicago where the voters largely agreed with him, but in rural downstate Illinois where the majority did not. At the Democratic National Convention in 1948, he supported the strong civil rights plank advocated by Hubert Humphrey which led to the Dixiecrat walkout and the strange four-cornered election of that year. The papers also show that while he endorsed the Truman Doctrine, he argued for public understanding of the motives of the Soviet Union, for humanitarian aid to other nations, for flexible and humane leadership in the foreign affairs. Throughout the rest of his life, he was unswervingly devoted to the United Nations and to the opportunity it might provide for genuine international cooperation.

By 1948 Stevenson was very nearly the man who four years later would give the young and the young at heart a vision of what political leadership could be. The voice has been stilled, but the echo remains. After a decade of soaring hopes and national disillusionment, after the erosion of faith in leadership and the devaluation of the currency of political discourse, the nation still looks for what Stevenson briefly and brilliantly provided in that beautiful campaign of 1952—someone to talk sense.

Curtis B. Gans

Ode of Anger

There's something dead inside
her words. The size of an oyster.

It holds you in her beauty
like a tomb.

You know that behind the hospitality
is ferro cement. A hospital
where the living suffer a form of sterility
where the dying are painted a matte white
and corpse is a bottle of disinfectant beside the bed.

She said something closed
like a cell. She said that
this way motherhood could be
doped into the bearable
children surviving in spite
of the visible cage. Her feeding

trough goes on and on.
In it go the teeth at night
and tying on the ovaries
gigantic fish nibble
until the fertile hooks
slip deep into the throat.

Only then
she takes
her first breath

and holds it
holds it
and goes under.

Frances Whyatt

"JAMES RESTON ADMITS *that Nixon 'was selective in his cuts and took aim at several political boondoggles most objective observers felt should have been eliminated long ago.' But Mr. Reston is worried that Nixon's 'program of substantial conservative reform' may be 'trying to go too fast.' (When liberalism is on the defensive, conservatism is apparently no longer defined as 'rigid adherence to the status quo.')"*

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PROPOSITION:

☐ Although the Vietnam War inspired far more vocal opposition than the Korean War, both were about equally popular among the general public.

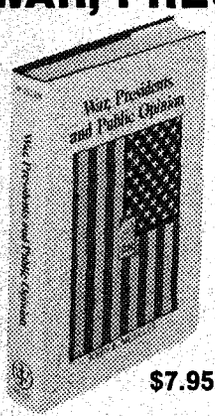
☐ The wars in Korea and Vietnam, contrary to many opinions, were disproportionately supported by the college-educated and by the young.

☐ It is possible that the anti-war protest during Vietnam increased the popularity of the war.

☐ "Liberated" women are likely to be more "hawkish" on war policy than their unliberated peers.

These are just a few of the propositions developed in

WAR, PRESIDENTS AND PUBLIC OPINION



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Got to Be Abnormal

The Hawk Is Dying

by Harry Crews

(Knopf; $5.95)

The Takeover

by Niven Busch

(Simon & Schuster; $7.95)

While George, the hero of *The Hawk Is Dying*, made love to the girl who had made love to his idiot nephew the previous evening (the nephew had then drowned in his waterbed), he (George) had his as yet untrained hawk tied to his wrist. The hawk fluttered, the girl fluttered: "This was real." (But the girl was *thinking* of the nephew while with George. Real?)

Reality comes even harder in *The Takeover*, where the tough-guy antics of big money operators are slowly revealed as a bad dream to the hero, a millionaire dam-builder. But when at last he has failed in his effort to get his company back, has been stripped of his dough and converted into a fugitive from the law as well as the Mafia, he then receives a little reality-illumination at a murderous hippie druggy orgy in the mountains.

I find it instructive that these two novels, which have nothing in common otherwise, should both find the heart of life in scenes of extraordinary human perversity. The Crews book is the better of the two, being consistently and predictably avant garde and nihilistic in the image of man it presents. That the other should search out nightmare too is the oddity. *The Takeover* would in most respects pass for a potboiler about big money—I can see Edward Arnold in the lead role, sitting on the 81st floor watching his empire collapse—but its deviations from formula suggest to me what is happening to formulas all over: they are being gobbled up by the devil.

A "formula" approach to fiction may or may not be what the Famous Writers School now teaches, but it was once thought to be the road to fame and fortune. You could be Agatha Christie or Clarence Buddington Kelland, Zane Grey or Edgar Rice Burroughs—that is, you could choose your formula from a number of different bags—but whatever you chose you were OK so long as you remembered that the formula contained ultimately an *affirmation* of the culture it was to be sold to. The good guys were eventually good indeed; the system, though full of jokers, was at last God's system; and the final resolutions had to be such as to make members of HUAC feel warm inside. Remember those days?—but formulas are no longer what they used to be.

Pornography, for example, is now a steady and necessary part of the once respectable formula world. Suppose suddenly the days of *Collier's* and *The Saturday Evening Post* were brought back to us, but with the new sexuality quietly inserted at appropriate places. Would not those old stories then seem at war with themselves? Well, the current crop of what I would still describe as formula novels displays such a war. I think particularly of novels by journalists—Sulzberger's *Tooth Merchant* is an instance; so is Pierre Salinger's *On the Instructions of My Government*—who love the fiction conventions of political and diplomatic intrigue and have absolutely no talent for describing private lives or the inner man; they nonetheless now go out of their way—and their depth—to introduce the requisite bedroom scenes.

Niven Busch is not a journalist—or not any more; he was an editor with *Time* in his salad days—but primarily a Hollywood writer (*Duel in the Sun* and *The Treasure of Pancho Villa* are the ones I seem to have seen). He does however display a solid journalistic attention to the externals of scene and action, an attention that has traditionally been the foundation of good square formula stories. His trip into nightmare in *The Takeover* is itself externalized and

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readily filmable, hence a part of the old formula world; but what is new is that the nightmare does nonetheless emerge *as* nightmare, something out of a wholly different frame of consciousness from the rest of the novel. The difference is accentuated by making the hippie stronghold the place where the square hero finds *refuge*, through the good graces of his own on-the-lam son. By analogy the old-time novelist of formula might be seen as compelled to adopt the new mode, the son's mode, the devil's mode, because there, now, is the real—as well as paydirt.

What I am trying to get at, cheap, is that the old formula world didn't have the nightmare as real. Instead the nightmare, if there was one, was something to be gotten over by waking up. Busch does try to awaken his hero at the very end, suggesting that the hero despite the nightmare is now ready to start over as a nice healthy engineer in Mexico; but that resolution simply doesn't wash. The disintegrative forces of the daytime money world have been so aggressively at it in the novel for so long by the time the hero decides to start over, that there's simply no ground left to start over *on;* the possibility is fraudulent.

Question: If night and the devil now have charge of our formulas, where are we as a culture?

No answer. Back to the grindstone and the other novel. There the devil is in charge from the beginning. What is normalcy?—"If you're going to be anything or know anything," says the hero's girl, "you've got to be abnormal. Whatever's normal is a loss. Normal is for shit." And what is beautiful?—the hawk driving its talons through the back of a rabbit, with the rabbit squealing "in short startled bursts like metal cutting metal." Says the same girl, "Look, it's the most *beautiful* thing in the world."

That is in fact the last line of the novel, a novel that seemed to me a perverse

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Notes on Contributors

M. S. Handler *was a reporter for* The New York Times *in the Balkans, and resident in Belgrade, from 1948 through 1952.* Curtis B. Gans *is a former reporter-editor for United Press International and staff director of Eugene McCarthy's 1968 campaign.* John J. McMahon *teaches philosophy and is director of Environmental Studies at Marymount College in New York.*

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swerve from John Steinbeck's *Of Mice and Men*. In the Steinbeck story it was half-witted Lennie who had all the affairs with the animal world—he kept breaking the necks, inadvertently, of little furry things as he stroked them with love. But in the new Crews volume the half-wit, except for a short episode with a mouse, is a relatively solid citizen (until he drowns in his bed) whereas it is to sane George (the name of the hero, oddly, in the Steinbeck as well as this new one) that the burden of being nutty and primitive is entrusted.

What does this mean? I pass. Sufficient to say that Crews is a talented writer who might—in my humble, formula opinion—benefit by confronting modern life in other ways than by reading medieval books about falconry.

Reed Whittemore

More Than A Lobbying Effort?

Pieces of a Dream: The Ethnic Worker's Crisis with America

edited by Michael Wenk, S. M. Tomasi and Geno Baroni

(Center for Migration Studies, 209 Flagg Place, Staten Island, NY 10304; $4.95)

Who is an ethnic? What is ethnic consciousness? What is the ethnic movement?

If you have wondered about these and related questions, you may be happy to know that the people who should know the answers are as confused as you. The ethnic movement was patterned after the civil rights movement: its minimal purpose is to gain a greater piece of the American pie for its people. There, however, the similarity to its model ends. The black movement was an explosive one: a reaction to a common heritage of slavery and oppression and a power elite which sanctioned, when it did not directly impose, discrimination from womb to doom. Although ethnics did not step onto Ellis Island to be treated to milk and honey, language and cultural barriers precluded their similar plight from becoming a common one. Their oppression varied in intensity, but it rarely was so severe as that suffered almost universally by blacks who were brought to America as slaves. Rather than explode outward, then, the ethnic movement has been attempting to create an *implosion*. So far, it has not been achieved.

From the start, assimilation has been the individual ethnic's goal whereas the black never believed it possible for him. So Giovanni was rechristened John, and Bielski moved uptown to Beal. They married daughters of pioneer stock, went to the suburbs and were never heard from again. While they may still retain an old country taste for garlic or kielbasa, their ethnicity does not extend beyond their stomach wall.

While assimilation and suburbanization have wiped out much statistical ethnicity, the cities still retain many who are unassimilated. As inflation and recession combine to squeeze them out of their savings and their blue-collar jobs, they find themselves in greater competition with blacks for employment, living space and government funds (particularly for schools and neighborhood services). This competition for scarce resources, which some believe has been carefully engineered in Washington, has provoked showdowns between blacks and Italians in Newark, Jews in Queens and Poles in Detroit. Of necessity, then, the ethnic

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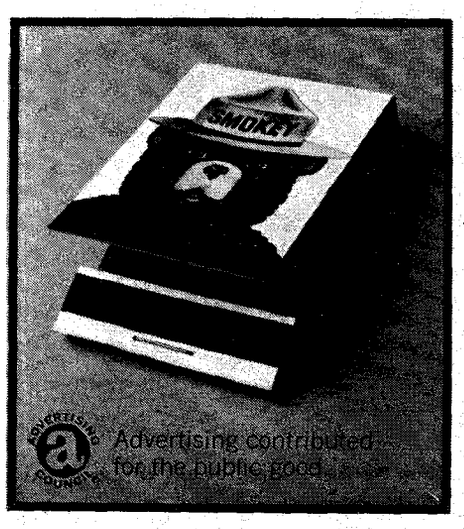
movement has become a lobbying effort to insure the government hears the voices of immigrants and their children when it comes time to parcel out tax dollars in the cities. Can it become something more?

Some ethnics and knowledgeable non-ethnics believe the movement can and should be something more, and their most cherished dream is an ethnic-black coalition which will fight for a larger American pie instead of squabbling over the crumbs. That is an idea one encounters often in the 15 original essays in this interesting and, at times, fascinating book.

Michael Novak, after he finishes attacking the "British-American" Catholics who gave his recent book bum reviews, makes a strong case for "the new ethnic politics" as radical politics. In one of the most absorbing essays, Michael Pesce describes "the blue-collar reform movement" at work in South Brooklyn among the Italian-American population. Monsignor Geno Baroni writes about "the ethnic factor in America" and sees it as "a quiet revolution of consciousness aimed at creating a new pluralism." Barbara Mikulski, a neighborhood organizer and councilwoman in Baltimore, writes about the vanishing urban ethnic neighborhood and the need for city planners ethnically aware enough to "leave room for a boccie ball." A number of prominent politicians have also contributed to the book, but their essays, because they were written at such great distance from "the neighborhood," generally lack authenticity. Nevertheless if the ethnic movement interests you, you will find this anthology well worth reading.

Peter J. Ognibene



Reconsideration

The Sand County Almanac

Aldo Leopold's reminiscences of life on his farm in southern Wisconsin, first published in 1949, bespeak a love of nature that is straightforward and uncompromising. "There are some who can live without wild things," he says, "and some who cannot. These essays are the delights and dilemmas of one who cannot." The essays in his *Sand County Almanac* form, to my mind, the finest volume ever produced in the exceedingly rich genre of American nature writing. It never had a companion volume; its author died before it was published while fighting a grass fire on a neighbor's farm.

Leopold's legacy is in what he teaches us to see: "Tell me of what plant birthdays a man takes notice, and I shall tell you a good deal about his vocation, his hobbies, his hay fever, and the general level of his ecological education." Most of us see a three-dimensional nature whose beauty runs a truncated spectrum from cute kittens and flaming sunsets, to silvery lakes and pretty fall foliage. We are not really attuned to a nature in which "the only certain truth is that earth's creatures must suck hard, live fast, and die often, lest its losses exceed its gains." Nor do we share Leopold's vision of two extra dimensions: the community of interdependence which provides the life-support system for every creature (ecology), and the rootedness in the past which gives each its present characteristic form (evolution). A fallen tree, to Aldo Leopold, is not just a gnarled, brown, horizontal cylinder, but a succession of living environments, favorable to successions of host organisms, until the process comes full circle and the tree has once again become soil, paying back with interest all that it has taken from the earth. Similarly, an old bur oak is not just useful firewood, but for one with eyes to see, an index of 100 years of Wisconsin weather, 200 years of human land use and, beyond that, 15,000 years of the geological history of our northern glaciers. "Every farm woodland, in addition to yielding lumber, fuel and posts, should provide its owner a liberal education. This crop of wisdom never fails, but it is not always harvested."

The Sand County Almanac
by Aldo Leopold
Originally published in 1949
by Oxford University Press
Now available from Oxford University Press, $7.50; Ballantine, $.95

Space, to one who rises at 3:30 am of a July morning to hear the progression of bird carolings, bears no resemblance to the property lines on local zoning maps: "It is a fact, patent both to my dog and myself, that at daybreak I am the sole owner of all the acres I can walk over. It is not only boundaries that disappear, but also the thought of being bounded." Time likewise ceases to conform to the official linear reckoning. The seasonal rhythms of the earth and those of our daily bodily needs become more real than the numerals on our wrist watches. To the fisherman at Alder Fork, faced with the challenge of the white-throat trout, clocked time ceases to exist. Then Leopold breaks the spell to point the moral to those whose crowded appointment calendars would never permit them the experience: "I shall now confess to you that none of those three trout had to be beheaded, or folded double, to fit their casket. What was big was not the trout, but the chance. What was full was not my creel, but my memory. Like the white-throats, I had forgotten it would ever again be aught but morning on the Fork."

Leopold is saying, in essence, just one thing. If he is wrong, then *Sand County Almanac* remains as beautiful poetry. If he is right, it is a powerful philosophi-

Aldo Leopold (1887-1948) is frequently credited with being the first to put forward the concept of preserving the wilderness forever wild as a heritage to future generations. He worked in the US Forest Service from 1909-1927, was president of the American Wildlife Society. In 1933 the University of Wisconsin created a chair of game management for him. He served on the Wisconsin State Conservation Commission, President Roosevelt's conservation commission in 1936, and as a conservation consultant to the United Nations till his death, April 21, 1948.

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A revolutionary mandate...

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cal, educational and political tract. He is saying that *the land is a community to which we belong, not a commodity which belongs to us.* All of Leopold's writing has no other purpose than to argue this case.

Leopold scoffs at "the inventing of subterfuges" to give the wilderness economic importance. The time has come, he believes, for the conservationist to abandon subterfuge and speak his honest conviction that all members of the biotic community are valuable individuals with a *right* to exist, both for themselves and for the integrity of the community. This is a simple fact we all once knew before we learned to mouth the sophisticated subterfuges. "When I call to mind my earliest impressions," he writes, "I wonder whether the process ordinarily referred to as growing up is not actually a process of growing down; whether experience, so much touted among adults as the thing children lack, is not actually a progressive dilution of the essentials by the trivialities of living."

Leopold jolts us into seeing other, mutually interdependent viewpoints:

> The mouse is a sober citizen who knows that grass grows in order that mice may store it as underground haystacks, and that snow falls in order that mice may build subways from stack to stack: supply, demand, and transport all neatly organized. To the mouse, snow means freedom from want and fear.
>
> The rough-legged hawk has no opinion of why grass grows, but he is well aware that snow melts in order that hawks may again catch mice. He came down out of the Arctic in the hope of thaws, for to him a thaw means freedom from want and fear.

Leopold has learned that to absolutize our narrow wavelength of perception is sheer arrogance. On their pre-dawn meanderings, Leopold's dog pays scant attention to the birds and their vocal goings-on, "for to him the evidence of tenantry is not song but scent. Any illiterate bundle of feathers, he says, can make a noise in a tree. Now he is going to translate for me the olfactory poems that who-knows-what silent creatures have written in the summer night."

Similarly Leopold remembers his first wolf hunt and the lesson it taught him of perspectives far beyond that of our puny human time-span:

> We reached the old wolf in time to watch a fierce green fire dying in her eyes. I realized then, and have known ever since, that there was something new to me in those eyes—something known only to her and to the mountain. I was young then, and full of trigger-itch; I thought that because fewer wolves meant more deer, that no wolves would mean hunters' paradise. But after seeing the green fire die, I sensed that neither the wolf nor the mountain agreed with such a view. . . .
>
> So also with cows. The cowman who cleans his range of wolves does not realize that he is taking over the wolf's job of trimming the herd to fit the range. He has not learned to think like a mountain. Hence we have dustbowls, and rivers washing the future into the sea.

Once we realize that every biotic community has its own personality, we are no longer surprised that each responds in unique ways to our advances. The hunter, the camper, the woodsman, the farmer who does not know this will quickly find it out. Those who plan foolishly and neglect the uniqueness of the land will be punished; those who approach it with respect will reap its rewards. And the rewards are not limited to an abundant game supply and crop production. For he who is willing to attend to the land enters a whole new sphere of existence. The land does not just *respond* (and certainly not just *react)* to his advances. It initiates the contacts, engages his attention, displays a new visage in each of its daily and seasonal moods. In short he discovers the kinds of things we discover whenever an acquaintance reveals his or her personality to us: we are not just having interesting new experiences (not even "higher" esthetic ones), but are being taken out of ourselves into whole new modes of relationships. Leopold is saying that "having fun" (which seems to be the best we can wish upon departing vacationers) is a poor substitute for being joyful; that perhaps the highest form of human activity is, paradoxically, attentive receptivity—not passivity—to the revelations of the land in all its moods. Consequently the question of "What can we do with the land?" is impudent and must be replaced by the question,

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"What can the land do with us?"—a question that admits of no single answer, but rather an endlessly rich and unpredictable series of encounters.

If Leopold is right, then the casual level of current ecological faddism will not do. It will not do to be a "conservationist" if that means simply: "obey the law, vote right, join some organizations, and practice what conservation is profitable on your own land; the government will do the rest. . . . In our attempt to make conservation easy, we have made it trivial." The true vocation of the environmental movement is to create an "internal change in our intellectual emphases, loyalties, affections and convictions." Leopold does not seek to denigrate the hard-won victories of technology and medicine, nor to turn back the clock. Neither will he subscribe to a belief in automatic progress: "To build a road is so much simpler than to think of what the country really needs."

Our President exults as the 200 millionth American is born, as the GNP surpasses the trillion dollar mark and the Dow Jones breaks a magic 1000. After all, what other indices of progress are there? Leopold refuses to let it rest at that. Mourning the extinction of the passenger pigeon, he is struck by the irreversibility and finality of the loss:

> No living man will see again the onrushing phalanx of victorious birds, sweeping a path for spring across the March skies, chasing the defeated winter from all the woods and prairies of Wisconsin. Men still live who, in their youth, remember the pigeons. Trees still stand who, in their youth, were shaken by a living wind. But a decade hence only the oldest oaks will remember, and at long last only the hills will know. . . . Our grandfathers were less well-housed, well-fed, well-clothed than we are. The strivings by which they bettered their lot are also those which deprived us of pigeons. Perhaps we now grieve because we are not sure, in our hearts, that we have gained by the exchange. The gadgets of industry bring us more comforts than the pigeons did, but do they add as much to the glory of the spring?

The value system behind all this—"comfort at any cost"—is not acceptable to a believer in "the land ethic" and Leopold doubts that it can long appeal even to the average comfort-seeking American. Are we willing to subscribe to a system whereby "we all strive for safety, prosperity, comfort, long life, and dullness"? And what if we should succeed?

But Leopold seems incapable of bitterness. *Sand County Almanac* is resonant with the joy that is his for the gift of having lived in an age not yet bereft of contacts with the wild:

> Man always kills the thing he loves, and so we, the pioneers have killed our wilderness. Some say we had to. Be that as it may, I am glad I shall never be young without wild country to be young in. Of what avail are forty freedoms without a blank spot on the map? . . . Perhaps our grandsons, having never seen a wild river, will never miss the chance to set a canoe in singing waters. . . . It is a kind providence that has withheld a sense of history from the thousands of species of plants and animals that have exterminated each other to build the present world. The same kind providence now withholds it from us.

For himself, not living under the dispensation of such a providence, he could only jealously guard his memories: "It is the part of wisdom never to revisit a wilderness, for the more golden the lily, the more certain that someone has gilded it. To return not only spoils a trip, but tarnishes a memory."

Aldo Leopold battled to save "some tag ends of wilderness." A quarter of a century later, the tag ends are fewer. The National Park System has become a traffic jam; a federal bureaucracy uses the Wilderness Act to destroy the remaining Eastern wild areas; and the dismemberment of our last vast wilderness in Alaska is on the corporate drawing boards. It is, as Leopold insisted, "last call" for the wild.

John J. McMahon

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Correspondence

Tax Reform

Sirs:

Edwin Dale's article, "Tax Hikes and My Tax Return" (*TNR*, March 10, 1973), is an interesting analysis of what certain limited reforms would mean to someone in the $50,000 to $70,000 income level. But even if all of the reforms Dale mentions were adopted, many of the fundamental inequities which exist in our personal income tax would continue. The sad truth is that tax preferences for the rich, tax shelters and the entire itemized deduction system in our personal income tax mitigates against lower- and middle-income families and to the advantage of high-income families. Thus eliminating the deductions for state gasoline taxes and real estate property taxes, erasing the $200 "exclusion" for dividends, and placing a three percent floor on charitable contributions would not remedy what I consider the most fundamental inequity in our tax system—the way itemization works.

Let me explain with an example. If I fall into a 70 percent tax bracket (which means I probably earn $100,000 a year) and I give a $100 contribution to my church, to a tax-exempt foundation or to a charitable institution, that contribution knocks $70 off of my tax bill. On the other hand if I earn $10,000 to $12,000 a year and thus fall into a bracket of 20 percent or lower, that same $100 contribution saves me no more than $20 off of my tax bill. Thus it costs a rich man only $30 to make a $100 contribution, while a middle-income person must pay $80 for the same contribution.

Joseph Pechman and his Brookings colleagues have argued the possibility of eliminating all itemized deductions. That has some appeal, but what makes a great deal more sense to me is to retain the deductions, while framing them in a tax credit formula.

Our union's research staff figures that a 20 percent credit (that is, a credit equal to 20 percent of the amount of an itemized entry) would result in no loss of federal revenue. But it would mean that the rich guy who gave a $100 contribution and the poor middle-income person making that same contribution would reap the same rewards—a $20 tax credit, taken directly off his tax bill. There are those, of course, who argue

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that without a stacked giveway, many big contributors would reduce their contributions to churches, universities, museums, etc. If that is true, then we should face that issue squarely, asking ourselves if it is right to allow wealthy taxpayers to set national priorities in the distribution of what is, in the final analysis, really federal revenue.

In summary the personal income tax can be made more progressive and equitable without drastic changes in the system. The social security payroll tax, which is the most regressive of the federal taxes, also needs overhauling. Whether the current hearings on tax reform by the Ways and Means Committee will lead to such reforms depends, I think, largely on the pressures which are exerted by the taxpayers during the next several weeks.

Perhaps *New Republic* readers, having struggled over Form 1040 this year, should take the time to jot a note to committee Chairman Wilbur Mills, urging that tax reform not be allowed to fall by the wayside.

Jerry Wurf
International President
American Federation of State, County and Municipal Employees

State-Local Finances

Sirs:

"State Gravy" (*TNR*, March 10, 1973) says" . . . the state and local sector is accumulating a $15 billion surplus this fiscal year." A different and far more relevant view about the "fiscal crisis" in state-local government emerges from Tom Geoghegan's analysis, "The New Federalism" (in the same issue) of the panic ensuing as general revenue sharing is paid for by federal cuts and impoundings. A somewhat closer look at the supposed surplus is in order.

Sufficient data for the purpose is found in the *1973 Economic Report of the President* (Tables C-70-2). The key fact is that "Federal grants-in-aid" are included in "Total receipts" of the combined state-local sector:

($ billions)	*1970*	*1971*	*1972 prelim.*
Total receipts	$135.0	$151.8	$175.2
Total expenditures	132.1	147.0	162.9
Surplus (deficit)	2.8	4.8	12.3

Remove the federal grants-in-aid from receipts and a significantly different picture emerges. However state-local expenditures include the category, "transfers to persons," typically funded in large part by federal grants. If these transfer payments are removed from state-local expenditures, the state-local sector theoretically again moves into a surplus position:

($ billions)	*1970*	*1971*	*1972 prelim.*
Receipts—total	+135.0	+151.8	+175.2
less: Federal grants-in-aid	− 24.5	− 29.3	− 37.7
Receipts—Own resources	+110.5	+122.5	+137.5
less: Total expenditures	−122.5	−135.0	−148.9
adjust for: "Transfers to persons"	+ 14.1	+ 16.6	+ 18.3
Adjusted surplus	+ 2.1	+ 4.1	+ 6.9

This calculation totally obscures several critical problems in state-local finance, including a) poor people need those transfers and the federal grants that fund them, and b) any hypothetical surpluses for the state-local sector always mean near bankruptcy for local governments unless the state-collected revenues are sent down. A few examples of these intrastate imbalances will suffice:

1) Education cost $59.4 billion in 1970-71, or $21.6 billion more than the state-local sector collected in property taxes;

2) Property taxes in 1970-71 (in the amount of $37.8 billion) would not even have covered the "All Other" category—for fire and police protection, health, housing, administration, etc. ("All Other" comes after education, highways and public assistance have been accounted for.)

The conclusion is inescapable that intergovernmental fiscal relations require a drastic overhaul. Local governments, heavily dependent on the property tax and its major collector, have been given responsibilities which the federal and state governments must finance (even more so now that the education cases following the *Serrano* decision confront us). It is silly to say the combined state-local sector runs a surplus because it has been receiving federal grants-in-aid.

The existing and very temporary system of general revenue sharing is obviously only a drop in the bucket, a tenth part of past federal grant totals. Merging categorical grants into special revenue sharing packages represents only a change in form, not amount. We await such fundamental reforms as a negative income tax, full tax credits rather than deductions on the federal income tax for state-local taxes, and a federal requirement that every state have a balanced fiscal system (including individual and corporate income taxes as, indeed, Representative Wilbur Mills tried to encourage in the first general revenue sharing bill).

How the situation differs state by state, and what more current data than available for the *Economic Report* might show, are beyond the scope of this critique. At least for the nation as a whole, however, state-local finances are slowly moving in the right direction: a) the rate of increase in property taxes was significantly less than the rates of increase of other state-local revenue sources in the period between the 1965-6 and 1970-1 fiscal years, and b) revenues from individual income taxes, although only eight percent of total state-local revenues, rose three times as fast as property tax revenues and twice as fast as federal grants during the same period. But the system has a long way to go before we can truly talk of "surpluses" at the state-local level.

Alan Rabinowitz
University of Washington

Teaching Writing

Sirs:

Doris Grumbach, in her comments on the recent conference on creative writing programs at the Library of Congress (*TNR*, Feb. 17, 1973), seems to have a pretty dizzy idea of what writing courses are all about.

She accuses the assembled creative writing teachers of seeking "comfortable justifications" to "keep them profitably at their work" and in particular she accuses me of having "pulled back far enough" from claims that such programs create writers to alibi that "the primary goal of writing programs is not to turn out professional writers; rather it's a kind of cognitive therapy, to help young people discover what they know about their world and themselves."

If Mrs. Grumbach thinks that people teach creative writing to turn out creative writing professionals, she might consider the statistics. In my own instance, I've been teaching such courses since 1950. During that time I would guess that I've had, say, 300 students. Of them, about fifteen have gone on to write importantly after graduation. I daresay my average is about as good as most teachers. Obviously, if my primary goal were to produce important writers, I'd have quit long ago, and so would most of my colleagues.

I teach creative writing primarily be-

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cause I happen to think that learning to write poems and stories is a useful and important think for students to do. I think the discipline of learning how to give order and form to one's ideas and emotions is a very valuable experience. It is no more "cognitive therapy" than is studying physics, or piano, or sociology, or Milton, or painting. It's a way of knowing oneself and one's experience, and as such is a proper goal of a liberal arts curriculum.

If Mrs. Grumbach considers that sort of reasoning an alibi, she's out of her head. In my particular instance, far from teaching creative writing in order to keep myself "securely entrenched," as she puts it, in my "professorial seat" and retained "profitably" at my work (by the way, how does one entrench oneself in a seat?), I happen to teach creative writing over and above my assigned professorial duties, at no additional compensation, simply because I enjoy doing it and think it's important to do.

Louis D. Rubin, Jr.
University of North Carolina at Chapel Hill

Gun Control

Sirs:

I am writing to protest your commentary, "Handgun Violence," in your February 17 issue. The points I wish to make are:

1) Crime would undoubtedly become far more rampant if the criminal could be assured of an unarmed victim. The one thing a robber fears most is a victim who unexpectedly defends himself with a gun.

2) If the "average" householder chooses to be a helpless rabbit, that shouldn't affect the rights of the rest of us to protect ourselves if and when necessary.

3) A large percentage of honest citizens would refuse to turn in their handguns. It is doubtful if one hoodlum in a thousand would do so. I certainly won't turn mine in. I respect any law that is fit to be respected, but such idiocy as you propose hardly comes under that heading. . . . We are very likely heading into some difficult times of social unrest, and I don't plan on being a victim of the first gang of ruffians to come along.

4) Have you considered the cost of compensating owners of all those millions of handguns? Obviously, you have not. You put the number at 30,000,000. I would guess it to be twice that. They are selling fast at about $100.00 apiece now, some at nearly twice that figure.

William Lynch
Olyphant, Pa.

Kauffmann, *from page 22*

murdered on the soundtrack.) Go to see a series of magnificent film-clips, and you can have a good time. It doesn't matter in the least when you come or go or how long you stay.

Postscript: Visconti's start and dissolution seem to have been paradigmatic for some younger Italians. He was one of the first neorealists. He made *La Terra Trema* in 1947 with Sicilian fishermen and with truth; now he makes *Ludwig* with everything *but* truth. Pasolini began with the hard and truthful *Accatone* and has bloated into the lush *Teorema* and *Decameron*. Bertolucci's first film seen here was the astringent *Before the Revolution*, and he pulps out into *The Spider's Stratagem*, *The Conformist*, and the worst (predominant) features of *Last Tango in Paris*. Three radicals, gone overripe.

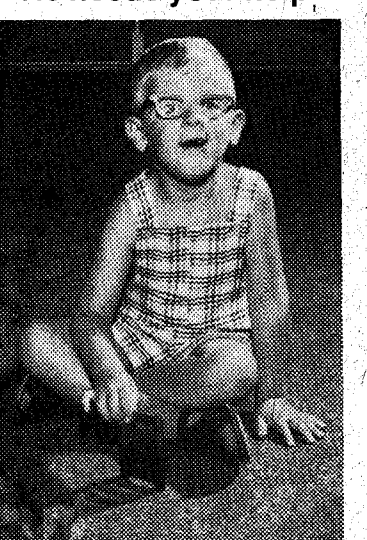
At the other extreme of the grandeur scale, we get *Slither*, a contemporary American film, made in the offhand comic style of an extended Alka-Seltzer or Benson & Hedges TV commercial—hardly a surprise since the director, Howard Zieff, used to make those commercials. The script was written by another carefree young casual, W. D. Richter, and is in the line of such crook comedies as *Bizarre Bizarre* and *Big Deal on Madonna Street*, in which crime never really pays but never really hurts either, and which show that crooks are human and screwball, too. There are often guns in these pictures, but nobody ever gets seriously killed. When Richard B. Shull is fatally wounded at the beginning of *Slither*, he behaves only as if his part in the picture is coming to an end. And at the close, when Allen Garfield is lying wounded, with a Red Sea parting over him, he keeps getting off funnies. Such is non-life.

A script like this needs wit as well as a wish to be witty, and Richter has more of Two than One. Still he comes up with some nice ludicrous surprises. An ex-con, just out, is given half the necessary clues to the whereabouts of an embezzled fortune and the name of the man who has the other half. He finds the other man, and they run into people who try to stop them. En route he acquires, sort of, a kooky young woman. All this is couched in an anti-heroic, anti-romantic, even anti-criminal vein.

James Caan, the ex-con, gives the kind of comic performance that directors see (according to legend) at parties and say, "Gee, I didn't know that guy could play comedy." He can't; he's just a party cut-up, with some conventional delayed takes and surprises. Sally Kellerman, the kook, is often incomprehensible—I literally didn't understand what she was saying about two-thirds of the time—but she has a certain shrugging self-assurance. Peter Boyle, who was Joe in *Joe*, plays Caan's partner, a Polish-American con man with a business front. (Lots of Polish-American jokes.) Boyle seems troubled from the beginning that his part isn't really going to pay off, but he shows talent. Louise Lasser, as his wife, shows teeth.

There's some easy satire at a war veterans' meeting and a bingo game, there's some mildly scary-funny stuff with a black van that follows our hero, and then becomes two, then three vans. But the picture relies mostly, even a little desperately, on its sense of not trying. A *jeu d'esprit* is a nice relief once in a while. I admired the *esprit* of *Slither*, I just wish it had more *jeu*.

He needs your help



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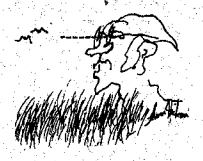

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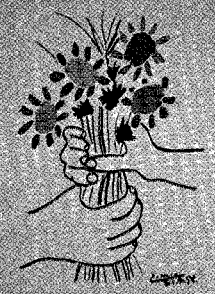

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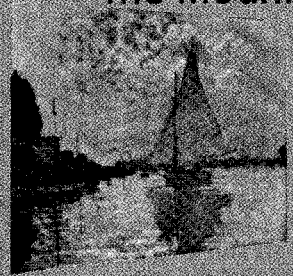

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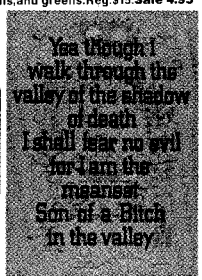
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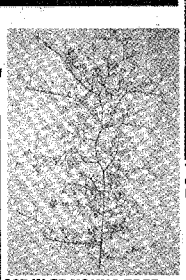

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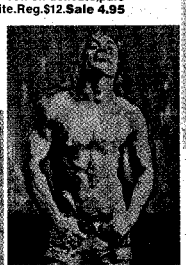

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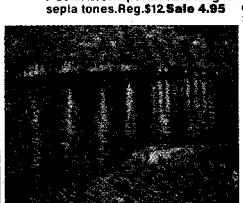

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